The Blue and Gold

Senior Annual Nazareth Academy 1916



The Senior Year Book

Published by
The Class of 1916
Nazareth Academy
Rochester, New York

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea"



TO OUR BELOVED DIRECTRESS

SISTER M. MARCELLA

AS A MARK OF OUR RESPECT, LOVE
AND APPRECIATION OF HER KINDLY INTEREST
AND NEVER FAILING SYMPATHY
DURING OUR HAPPY YEARS
AT NAZARETH,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

Fair though it be to watch unclose
The nestling glories of a rose,
Depth on rich depth, soft fold on fold:
Though fairer be it, to behold
Stately and sceptral lilies break
To beauty, and to sweetness wake:
Yet fairer still, to see and sing,
One fair thing is, one matchless thing:
Youth in its perfect blossoming.
Lionel Johnson



Foreword

¶ The Members of the Senior Class of 1916 take pleasure in presenting to their friends the humble results of efforts to gather up in our Year Book reminders of our Nazareth days. We trust that the reflections of our school life found herein will give some pleasure to teachers and pupils whether present or former, and even to many good friends connected with Nazareth by sympathy and interest; but to the class may it be a lasting memorial of that happiest of times—those golden days at Nazareth. We bespeak the indulgence of our kind readers to whom we present our Senior Annual.

¶ The Senior Class wishes to express a deep appreciation and hearty thanks to Miss Genevieve Madden, Class of 1912, whose pen has produced most of the cartoons in our Year Book. Her interest in the succeeding classes and her generous aid in producing the Senior Annuals each year is worthy of the most grateful acknowledgment. We also wish to thank Miss Florence McNiff, Class of 1915, for the advertising cartoon.



RT. REV. THOMAS F. HICKEY, D. D.

Our strong patron and
unfailing friend

Our Bishop

¶ The students of Nazareth have, long before his Episcopal days, regarded their Right Reverend Bishop as their special patron, their wise counsellor and their personal friend. His interest in Nazareth and the pupils of Nazareth has never been a fictitious one. But this year Nazareth has found in Bishop Hickey no ordinary friend and supporter in her heavy undertaking, the erection of a costly new Academy building on Lake Avenue.

¶ He has personally stood at the head of the movement on the part of the Alumnae of our Academy, to raise a sum of money to increase the building fund for the new Academy. The earnest, personal interest which the Bishop has taken in the movement has not only contributed a large element to its success, but also added another strong link to bind him more closely with the institution and its students to succeeding generations. The reverent affection of the students joined with a profound admiration and deep respect, tends to make his life their pattern, and his ideals their inspiration, that they may make themselves and their Alma Mater all that he would wish them to be.



REV. EDWARD B. SIMPSON, Ph. B.

Instructor in Religion



The Yellow and Blue

Before my eyes it shimmers, The Yellow and the Blue It's joyous radiance glimmers Like skies when stars peep through.

The colors we have followed
With loving hearts and true,
They nod and gleam and beckon,
The Yellow and the Blue.

Oh, Nazareth, thy colors,
The Yellow and the Blue,
In the dreamy, mystic future
Will lead us back to you.

-Eleanor McCarthy



Academic Class

Viola G. Bissell Cristobal, Canal Zone, Panama

Viola is one of the boarders. She is light-hearted and gentle, and manages to get lots of fun out of life; but she can be very serious at times, especially if she suspects that she may be next to recite. Viola has had her own troubles, still:

If she tried and did not win, She never stopped for crying. Though it always kept her thin, Yet still she kept on trying.

Genevieve L. Bolton 414 William Street, Elmira, N. Y.

Genevieve certainly possesses personal magnetism. She makes friends by the score because she is so frank and yet so kind, and so thoroughly enjoys a good joke, be it on herself or on others. Besides, she is very capable.

How sweetly she would sing Just like the robin's call. With her each month was spring, And her cheer went out to all.

Martha E. Bocksberger 56 Maryland Street

Holy Rosary School

She's little, but she's a worker. Martha never was known to let the grass grow under her feet. She believes that diligence is the mother of good luck, as Poor Richard says.

Maria & Backetta.

Irene M. Brown 15 Richmond Street

Nazareth Grammar School

Here's a girl that bears the stamp of goodness. Her favorite subject is German. She doesn't say much, but she does some thinking. Our poet touches her off thus:

This is a girl who could never be sad.

Like Pollyanna, she always was glad.

Her days were bright as she walked her way,

For she always knew the kind thing to say.

hune M. Brown.



Lois E. Brayer 35 Ruby Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

You don't appreciate Lois until you know her. And then—well, you begin to regret all the years you didn't know her. She is quiet, but splendid company, and makes a loyal, constant friend. Her talent in drawing is quite evident in this book.

tio E. t. agor.

Elida M. Butler

535 Frost Avenue

Immaculate Conception School

"Life is to her one grand, sweet song."
Nobody, as far as can be ascertained, ever caught Elida worrying. She simply doesn't believe in it. Now, please don't imagine that Elida can't be serious. She can, on occasion—once or twice a year,—but she tries to live up to the admonition: "Gather your laughs in while ye may."

There II Williew

Roberta C. Courtney 158 Clay Avenue

Holy Rosary School

Always dignified and ladylike is "Our Bob," nevertheless, she is ever ready for any bit of fun that comes her way. She is ever attentive at class time, and has been known to blush quite frequently when called upon. Her versatility is seen in her "at homeness" in the role of 11th C. gentlewoman or of 20th C. school girl.

Margaret Creegan

487 Lake Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

Margaret seems to like everybody, and probably that's the reason everybody likes her. She is so cheerful and friendly. Don't you love to watch Margaret "wake up" in class after one of her day dreams? Funny thing is, she usually knows what has been going on all the time! Tell us, Marg, is it a joke on the Faculty?

Margaret Creegan

Eleven



Twelve

Anne Dodge

59 Glasgow Street

Immaculate Conception School

We all know Anne,—Anne with her great love of excitement. She is in most cases a girl of good sense and good judgment, as is seen by her love of the C'ass of 1916. There is one point, however, where her good judgment fails. She dislikes "the green." And yet her antipathy is, I trow, largely theoretical, for practically we have proof to the contrary. Haven't we, Catherine?

anne Dodge.

Helen M. Desmond

446 Flower City Park

Holy Rosary School

Don't you like a person who is always amused, not at someone's mistakes, you know, but just at the world in general? That's Helen. If there is any truth in the statement, "Blessed are the joy-makers," surely Helen is a saint! always cheery and entertaining, and ready to help you out of a scrape. She's the kind of girl the world needs.

Gelen Desmond

Mildred A. Daus

447 Lake Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

Mildred is one of our stateliest and most dignified Seniors. She is always calm and cheery. Furthermore, she is a good student, and a fine musician. When she takes the violin, she summons music—

"Such as the meeting soul may pierce,— Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony." (A fine chance to air our Milton.)

Dorothy Dashley

385 Clay Avenue

Holy Rosary School

I know a young lady named "Dot," She's generally right on the spot. When "fun" is the word, She's bright as a bird,— I tell you we like Dot a lot.



Margaret G. Dempsey 801 Walnut Street, Elmira, N. Y.

Our Margaret is a good chum, a good student, and a good singer. She is a popular girl, and her other good qualities are too numerous to mention. The court of the "Queen of the Southern Tier" is honored in her, and we hope she is appreciated there as highly as she is here.

She knows the world has weary hearts That she can bless and cheer; She has a smile for every day, And sunshine all the year.

Marie J. Doud

62 Locust Street

Holy Rosary School

Marie is one girl who thinks this world is a good place to live in, probably because she knows how to live. She can "tend to business" first rate, and she's companionable, too.

Some say Marie is quiet,
But we say they don't know;
For spicy wit or playful hit,
She leads the Senior row.

Marie J. Doud.

Catherine S. FitzGibbon

93 Lorimer Street

Holy Rosary School

Catherine is inclined to be serious, but she's great fun if you can just "get her started." She is another of our "brighter lights." Maybe that accounts for her leaning towards the serious. However, that doesn't make Catherine any less loyable. She's so sincere, and so sympathetic, that you can't help liking her. Besides, she can win out on debate, and can make your blood run cold when she attempts https://doi.org/10.1001/j.j.

Elizabeth G. Foery

1040 Portland Avenue

you never smile

St. Michael's School

Her motives ne'er were selfish, Her actions always wise, And "A Little Bit of Heaven" Is the sphere she occupies.

Thirteen



Helen J. Foley

31 Lapham Street

Holy Rosary School

This girl is worthy of high praise, Who used full well her short school days. In every line she did her best, And left to Regents' Boards the rest.

Helen J. Faley.

Margaret F. Grady

4 Pappert Place

Blessed Sacrament School

Margaret is a girl whom everyone likes. She has a long list of good qualities among which haste may be looked for. She is conscientious, businesslike and dependable; but always ready to join in the fun. Margaret quite often gets an honor ribbon, which the class immediately puts to the common credit, for 1916 is strong on community interest where honors are concerned. Marg has likewise brought much honor into the common fund through her creditable work in Shakesperean tragedy.

Ruth A. Guinan

8 Lee Place

Immaculate Conception School

The thing you notice first about Ruth is her smile. When she is glad, she is very, very glad, and when she is sad—but we don't know her that way. She's just brimming over with good spirits, and yet she can be serious too. Many and many a time she has saved some shreds of safety if not of glory, when we met the "morning face" of our English, or Latin, or Drawing Teacher. Ruth is thoroughly loyal, and a mighty good chum—that's why we all like her.

Lilian A. Haefele

429 Avenue D

St. Michael's School

My speech is deliberate, My movements slow, And thus always leisurely, Through life I go.

Nothing disturbs her calm serenity. She simply won't be fussed or hurried about things mundane. That's right, Lilian, "Wisely and slow—they stumble that run fast."

Lelran q. Harfela

Fourteen



Margaret M. Leyden 315 Flint Street

Immaculate Conception School

Immaculate Conception School

1916 is mighty proud of Margaret. She's what we call a really accomplished girl. She plays the piano beautifully, acts well in our school plays, and is a clever speaker. And her themes—!! Besides Margaret has executive ability. She is President of the Beta Phi, and chairman of the class committee. To crown all, she is our Valedictorian. She is popular because she's an "all 'round" girl, one who cankeep up a scholastic reputation that earns her the highest honors in her class, and at the same time enter heartily into every class affair.

May Kenealy

102 Jones Street

Cathedral School

May is a perfect lady. She smiles easily, which is a good sign, and she talks easily too, which isn't so good a sign by half, especially in Assembly. She makes a good friend and a genial classmate.

M. Genevieve Keenan

415 Park Avenue

Blessed Sacrament School

Like every other class, 1916 has its talented girls and its near-talented ones. Genevieve is one of the former. Her playing is wonderful. We rather think we shall hear from her later on, in the musical world. But she isn't all seriousness. She's simply bubbling over with spirits. Eager, vivacious, Genevieve manages to put life into the "deadest." group the minute she joins it. And her lessons—she practically devours them when she gets at them. As she herself says, she has streaks of industry and streaks of—but we won't tell!

Miriam E. Hebard 255 Meigs Street

"She was never known to complain, It was just as cheap to rejoice, Whether 'twas snow or whether 'twas rain, That seem'd to be her choice."



Elizabeth M. Lynch 204 South Fitzhugh Street

Immaculate Conception School

Elizabeth is the jolliest companion you could desire. When she finds you "in the dumps," she just administers a little of her secret preparation, and, presto! you're as happy as a lark. And then supposing you want advice. Go to Elizabeth for a sensible, wise opinion. You'll get it, for Elizabeth is so good-natured that she'll help you out every time.

Elizabeth M. Lyne . (soil

Concetta A. Marchese

71 Hobart Street

St. Augustine's School

Concetta's ingenuity is unequalled. There is not a girl in the class who can think of such substitutes for prepared lessons, drawing materials, etc. She unreservedly agrees with Seneca, that the comfort of life depends on conversation, and apparently is resolved to be as comfortable as possible. But Concetta is a real class integer, and every move in the right direction increases her value many fold.

Consella. Marchese

Rhea B. Mayer 446 Alexander Street

Immaculate Conception School

Overheard in the hall:

"I'm glad Rhea was made business manager of the Annual,, aren't you?" "Yes. She's just the girl for the place. She uses her head. That's something most of us don't do. Remember the first debate? Rhea was great. She knew what she was talking about, and didn't get a bit fussed. She's always like that."

"She is a great speaker, isn't she? And have you heard her on the violin? She—Oh come on, there's that bell!"

then Mayer

Eleanor M. McCarthy

385 Clay Avenue

Holy Rosary School

Behold our President! Gentle, gracious, sympathetic, she has the key to every heart. There's nothing she can't do,—argue in debates, make pretty speeches, or write any kind of an English assignment,—so we just had to elect her. Indeed, '16 can say truthfully. "None know thee but to love thee," Eleanor.

Eleann Mc, carthy.

Sixteen



Cecelia T. Murphy

151 Bronson Avenue

Immaculate Conception School

"A good companion and a firm friend." Celia has her own opinions, and can express them too, which is a good thing. Shows a person thinks once in a while. After hearing Celia's reading at Beta Phi, and witnessing her acting at Macbeth, we almost think she ought to go to Emerson. But then, you see, we want her here at home.

Cecelia merphy

Genevieve B. Miller

3 Willowbank Place

SS. Peter and Paul's School

Notwithstanding her mild manner and quiet ways, Genevieve manages to have as good times as the rest of us. On the rare occasions when "Gen" consents to speak in public, as in our last Senior debate, "we became intoxicated with the exurberance of her verbosity." ("That's what you call Bostonian style.")

A. Adele Miller

25 Weider Street

St. Boniface School

Gentle, retiring Adele is a true Nazareth girl. She is never obtrusive, but she can "fill the bill" every time. As a student, she might say.

"With them the seed of wisdom did I sow, And with them, too, I sought to make it grow."

adele miller.

Irma L. McMahon

616 Genesee Street

St. Monica's School

And what would our class be without Irma? She is the wonder-worker, especially in English. There she strikes us dumb with admiration. If given a mere word she can weave a book around it. But you must give her "Time." It must be remembered that it is against Irma's principles to "hurry." Have you heard her Damon and Pythias?

Irma L. M. Makon



Marie F. Murphy 154 Hawley Street

Immaculate Conception School

Conscientious, careful, painstaking, when she's studying: merry, light-hearted, clever, when she's not, Marie is "just about right." She's mighty generous in sharing her brains, too, and that's the best part of it. Judge if she does not "Salute" you pleasantly at Commencement.

marie J. Howho.

Dorothy C. Meyers 46 Phelps Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

Dorothy is a lover of fun, still she takes her lessons very seriously, and it is not an uncommon thing to see her coming to school at 8:20 to finish her drawing, for Dorothy is "some artist." She can actually paint a rose that does not look like a canary bird. Indeed, Dorothy's future looks as bright as her hair.

Dorothy C. Myers.

Margaret M. Needham Phelps, N. Y.

St. Francis School

Margaret was the last to enter our charmed circle. Venit, vidit, vicit everyone of us. Indeed, she broke the record for making friends in short time. Margaret comes from "out to Phelps," and sometimes she's a little lonesome for the fresh air and scenery. On the whole, Marg's pretty glad she came, and we surely are.

Selinda M. O'Keefe 308 Brown Street

Immaculate Conception School

Selinda is perfectly normal with the exception of her heart, which flutters and weakens whenever the word "study" reaches her ears. The Doctor has ordered that she be spared all mention of "daily preparation" or of "final exams." Nevertheless, she is a splendid addition to our class; there's not a better liked girl at Nazareth.

Selinda & Bufo



Harriet L. Oster

439 Lake Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

Harriet never likes to be heard. All her teachers wish that there were more girls like her—especially during study priods. She never says a word too much, but this may be because she is saving her voice for a grand oratorical surprise one of these days.

9 mil

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Henrietta M. Sahner

85 Tremont Street

Immaculate Conception School

Henrietta is one of our brunettes. Her large dreamy eyes lead one to think that if she could only live in a bungalow in some dim forest and "hear the far-off curfew sound, over some wide-watered shore," she might be metamorphosed into a poet.

Dini - Jahner .

Aurelia M. Savard

104 Holbrooke Street

Nazareth Grammar School

Aurelia has "loads" of common sense. Since she possesses that rare attribute, we simply had to have her on the Class Committee and the Annual Board. She is one of those girls that can be studious when it is necessary, but is always ready for a good time—and she likes them to come pretty often!

Quelia Lavard

Catherine J. Schenck

211 Glenwood Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

If "silence is golden," how rich you must be, Catherine. But then, some of us envy you, for you never lost a friend through a "slip o' the tongue." You're always so calm and so restful, with so quiet a humor, that everyone likes to have you around.

Column, - 1

Nineteen



Ola M. Shanhart St. Paul Boulevard

Nazareth Grammar School

Do you know why Ola is always on time in the morning?—Because she lives at the greatest distance. Ola's invigorating "Hello!" is one of the tonics of the day. We recently saw what a wonderful chairman Ola made, and how good she is at speech-making. We forecast for Ola a rising career.

Day M. Dunert

Mary E. Sweeney 422 Seward Street

Immaculate Conception School

The only time Mary is silent is—well, when she is silent. Judging from the ease of her daytime conversation, we imagine she practices in her sleep! Anyway, Mary always has a joke ready, and a bright, happy smile, and she considers it her special business in life to scatter God's sunshine round about her.

Mae M. Timmons

210 Federal Street

St. Mary's School

Here we have "multum in parvo." This wee maid is not afraid of work and is always ready to help others out who haven't the happy faculty of studying. Still, on occasions she can furnish a good excuse for an unprepared lesson, and can hand in a drawing three weeks late as cheerfully as any girl in the school.

A. Margaret White

245 Sawyer Street

St. Monica's School

Margaret White is O so bright! But this does not prove an insurance policy for her deportment marks. She is also very apt to lose coat buttons on April 1. She can draw "with the eyes practically closed" and her singing—but to appreciate that fully you would have to belong to the singing class. apt to an draw " and her fully y

a Grangaret Ithite

Twenty



Lauretta L. Yauchzi 157 Lexington Avenue

Holy Rosary School

Lauretta's the class baby. But she doesn't modestly take her place at the foot of the class as the youngest should. Oh, no! She's away up near the head, while a lot of her older sisters are—somewhere around. To see that child march off with medals and honor ribbons is really astonishing. Lauretta, we thank you for the good example you gave us. Would we had followed it!

Lauretta Yanchze

Florence M. Yeoman 178 Columbia Avenue

Immaculate Conception School

At times, Florence reminds us of a demure Puritan maid, and then again she's as "free and easy" as the rest of us. I think she could settle a "Miles Standish" case with the ease of a Priscillia. Look at her picture and see if you don't think so too.

Horence In. yemen

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the contraction of the contracti

Nazareth Most Fair

Long years of service thou canst claim,
Long years of toil and growing fame,
Long years which claim thee loved of all,
Who heard thy clear, compelling call,
Nazareth most fair!

Thy dear old walls our shrine shall be,
Till crumbled quite through time's decree,
Thy image our true hearts shall claim
And hold in reverence thy loved name,
Nazareth most fair!

The years may come and fleetly pass,
But thou we know, wilt hold our class
In fond remembrance, as shall we
Give our love-loyal hearts to Thee,
Nazareth most fair!
Emily C. McCarthy.



Commercial Class

Mildred Bertsch 327 Clifford Avenue

St. Michael's School

"Thoughts inspire my youthful mind, To be the greatest of womankind."

Ida J. Bishop

608 Garson Avenue

Corpus Christi School

"Don't view me with a critic's eye But pass my imperfections by."

M. Dolores Braun

148 Bay Street

St. Francis Xavier's School

"Speech is silver. But silence is gold."

Agnes C. Burke

539 Lyell Avenue

Holy Apostles School

"Her fun and her good nature, Makes her a loveable creature."

Twenty-two



Mildred M. Cairnes

50 Crosman Terrace

St. Mary's School

"I could sit and sing the whole of the day."

Frances I. Campion

572 Lake Avenue

Holy Rosary School

"Soft as the dew from heaven, Her gentle accents fall."

Stella M. Clasgens

256 Clifford Avenue

Nazareth Grammar School

"She is always content, Listening to others' merriment."

Catherine L. Collins 263 Flint Street

Immaculate Conception School

"A smile before she speaks Dimples her transparent cheeks."



Grace V. Dugan

69 Melrose Street

St. Monica's School

"Grace by name and by nature."

Clara A. Dixon

Chili Road

St. Augustine's School

"Some mischief's still found for her hands to do."

Marie A. Cunningham

109 Seward Street

Immaculate Conception School

"So seldom do we see her, We might call her a visitor."

Helen L. Connell

50 Wilmington Street

Blessed Sacrament School

"Her heart is as warm as her hair is red."

Twenty-four



Gladys M. Dutcher 215 Garfield Street

Corpus Christi School

"Blue eyes and hair of jet, The combination thrills me yet."

Margaret F. Foster 14 Saxton Street

SS. Peter and Paul's School

"Twinkle, Twinkle little Foster, What would happen if we loster?"

H. Marcella Erbland 63 Peck Street

Corpus Christi School "What pleases me best is duty well done."

Pauline M. Earley 397 Ravine Avenue
Holy Rosary School
"In affection and in faith sincere."



Ester R. Hahn 456 Glenwood Avenue

Holy Rosary School

"I don't believe in using my books over much, it wears them out."

Harriett A. Gotts

253 Edinburgh Street

Nazareth Grammar School "It takes Harriett to make noise."

Helen N. Glavin 523 Plymouth Avenue
St. Monica's School
"Her few words are always rightfully spoken."

Irene M. Gardiner 15 Starling Street

Holy Rosary School

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Twenty-six



Margaret A. Hart 36 Doran Street

Immaculate Conception School

"She's as wise as the sages, With the wisdom of the ages."

Ruth A. Hohmann

108 Scrantom Street

St. Michael's School

"A ravishing fiddler is she."

Evelyn M. Heinlein

733 St. Paul Street

Henry Lomb School

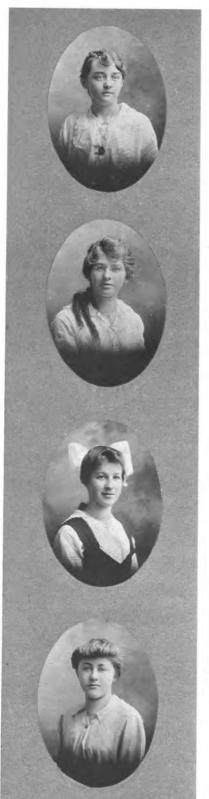
"Music gently on the spirit lies."

Margaret R. Hill

810 University Avenue

Corpus Christi School

"Beyond expression fair With thy floating golden hair."



Florence C. Krauter 75 Saxton Street
SS. Peter and Paul's School
"Such a little talker we never beheld!"

Evelyn Kraft 3 Avenue A West

No. 8 School

"Curls and brains make a good combination."

Irma M. Klee 762 Meigs Street
St. Boniface School
"A girl after everybody's heart."

Erma A. Kain 75 Sherwood Avenue
St. Augustine's School
"Mystery of mysteries."

Twenty-eight



Mildred E. Martin 52 Austin Street

Nazareth Grammar School
"Tis an untroubled life she leads,
Who does not envy her gay, good nature?"

Bernadetta Lechleiter 298 Seward Street

Immaculate Conception School "One of our dear, good little folks."

Helen M. Lyons 138 Saratoga Avenue
St. Nicholas School, Buffalo
"I am getting along quite nicely, thank you."

Agnes B. Maloney
51 Fayette Street, Brockport, N. Y.

Navity of the B. V. M.'s School

"Always full of good nature."



Lucy I. Mascari

9 Weld Street

St. Joseph's School

"To see her is to love her."

Emily C. McCarthy 30 Arklow Street

Nazareth Grammar School "Oblivious to all care."

Frances C. McGinnis

181 Caledonia Avenue

Immaculate Conception School

"The joy of our Law Class."

Me Linns.

Ruth McGuire

118 Weld Street

Corpus Christi School

"Young in years, in judgment old."

Thirty



Helen A. Murphy 154 Hawley Street

Immaculate Conception School

"What'er she did, was done with so much ease, In her alone 'twas natural to please."

Frances H. Murphy 336½ Plymouth Avenue

St. Mary's School

"Studies make the world seem bothersome."

Armella C. Metzger

473 Seneca Parkway

Sacred Heart School

"Study is the joy of her heart."

Agnes M. Metzger

473 Seneca Parkway

Holy Family School

"A heart wherein the peaceful virtues love to dwell."



Mary E. Murphy 180 Conkey Avenue St. Bridget's School "Mischief lurks in her bright eyes."

Justina E. O'Connor
758 St. Paul Street
St. Bridget's School
"Her hair is as gold as her blushes are red."

Minnie E. Phillips Brockport, N. Y.

Navity of the B. V. M.'s School

"You can't ruffle her temper. So don't try."

Lois F. Rauber 81 Fillmore Street
St. Augustine's School
"Swift to act and slow to speak."

Thirty-two



Gertrude Sansom 213 Flint Street

Immaculate Conception School "Teasing seems to be her main occupation."

Irene C. Rothenberg Dewey Avenue
Sacred Heart School
"A modern Priscilla!"

Susan I. Reilly 375 Pullman Avenue

Sacred Heart School

"Always busy as she can be."

Helen R. Rogers 287 Breck Street

Corpus Christi School

"An example worthy of imitation."



Estelle M. Schnacky
21 Washburn Park
St. Boniface School

"She is exceedingly bright for her size."

Frieda B. Schnepf 140 Seventh Street

No. 27 School
"Much faster can she talk than she can walk."

Belle G. Sherwood Wayland, N. Y.

St. Joseph's School

"Tall and fair and free from all care."

Harriet F. Smith 597 Genesee Street

Nazareth Grammar School

"She has a common name, but is not a common girl."

Thirty-four



Hilda M. Sweeney 70 Doran Street

Immaculate Conception School

"Seen but not heard."

Dolores R. Stephany 9 Oscar Street
Our Lady of Perpetual Help School
"Little, but O my!"

Adele C. Sullivan 166 Reynolds Street

Immaculate Conception School

"To be a scholar requires study."

Lenore H. Sullivan
71 Pearl Street
St. Mary's School
"Light and airy,
Just like a fairy."



Thirty-six

Cynthia W. Wade

Batavia, N. Y.

St. Joseph's School

"This girl has won all our hearts."

Frances E. Wahl 351 Gregory Street

St. Boniface School

"Warranted to wear well."

Marguerite A. Weidenborner 21 Oneida Street

Holy Redeemer School "Haste makes waste."

Anna E. Wolfe 310 Driving Park Avenue

Holy Rosary School "One of our fun makers."



Our Graduate in Music



TROM the Department of Music, our Academy presents as a graduate this year, Miss Loretta M. Guinan, an Academic graduate of the Class of 1915. Miss Guinan has, throughout her course given evidence of exceptional musical talent, the service of which has been generously given to the school on many occasions, both public and private.

A Graduating Recital will be given by Miss Guinan on the evening of June twenty-seventh in the Hall of the New Academy, on which occasion the following program will be

rendered:

Scherzino Schumann
Fantasia Mozart
Sinfonia Rusticana (Violins) Sinnhold
Mildred Daus Esther C. Downs
Accompanist, M. Genevieve Keenan
Moonlight Sonata—Third Movement—Presto Agitato Beethoven
Recitation—The Song of the Market Place
Mary Lucile Pennock
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair Nevin
Valse Caprice R. A. Newland
Mendelssohnia (Violins) F. Rzhia
Mildred Daus Esther C. Downs
Accompanist, M. Genevieve Keenan
Scherzo in B Minor Chopin
Duo—Belisario Goria
Piano I—Loretta M. Guinan Piano II—Alva Smith

Graduation

(Adapted)
Hark! what mean those happy voices,
Echoing through Nazareth's halls?
Every Senior now rejoices
As the lovely June-time calls.

"Tis the night of graduation,
One by one the Seniors stand
To receive the consumation
Proudly, from our Bishop's hand.

Meet reward for all their toiling They receive as honors due. Forth they fare, O be they loyal Ever to the Gold and Blue!

Cynthia Wade.

Thirty-seven



In Memory of Our Classmate Elizabeth F. Mutchler Who Died December 20, 1915



HE Class of 1916, has just completed four exceptionally happy years of companionship and work within the walls of Nazareth. Over all this happiness there is one deep shadow, in that one of our number has been called to her Eternal Home. Through these school years we all loved the gentle, golden haired Beth; for to know her, was to love her, as you will be told by all whose lives touched hers. We, who have known her from childhood, have never heard one unkind word pass her lips. Is this not testimony to a beautiful character, and does it not suggest the story of a beautiful No matter how much anyone hurt or bothered her, she had only kindness to return. It was often our wonder such kindness could live in any human heart. But now we understand how near to God she must have been. She was never too tired or too busy to listen to a companion's troubles, and to give a helping hand or an encouraging word. She was cheerfulness itself, and the best of companions.

The wonderful strength of her character was found in the fact that she never complained. Even under the heavy cross of her last illness, she met her friends with the same bright word and cheery smile; and her unwavering patience and heroic repression of her own feelings, as nature weakened under the hand of disease, told how well she had learned the lesson of her crucifix, her constant source of strength and comfort.

In December, when all the world was preparing for the great happiness and merry-making of the Yuletide, we cannot but feel that Heaven also was making ready for the Birthday of its King. New guests must needs be invited; other children welcomed home. The choice must be from among the fairest of the children of men. Our beautiful, angelic companion, attracted the eyes of our God. She was the worthiest, and she was ready; so the loving Lord called her to keep His Birthday in Heaven.

The pain of her loss is deep in the hearts of her companions, those hearts that will always be the shrine of her memory. Her life was an edifying example, combining, as it did, piety, modesty, and beautiful charity, with all that is bright and companionable. Let us, her classmates, strive to make our lives as beautiful and useful as was hers, that some future Christmas may find us all happily reunited around the Eternal throne of the Babe of Bethlehem.

—Harriet Smith.



Our Alumnae

UR whole city has, in these recent days been resounding with the activities of our Alumnae in their campaign for raising a sum of money for the New Building fund. The proceeds of this compaign will be a gift of the people of Rochester to the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose splendid new Academy is now almost completed, as a mark of appreciation of the great work accomplished by this Religious Community in the field of education since the establishment of the diocese. The fifty bands of Alumnae workers are under the leadership of Miss Katherine M. Hogan, a teacher at the West High School, as Chairman. Young women who have at any time been pupils of Nazareth have identified themselves with this general movement, and splendid work has been done by the Captains and their bands of workers.

This movement on the part of the Alumnae is a most commendable one. It is a beautiful tribute of loyalty worthy of their splendid organization and of their Alma Mater. It is a bright example to us and to succeeding classes, of appreciation of what Nazareth has stood for and has done for well-nigh fifty years, and of gratitude for the great and good things that have come into our own lives through the high services of our beloved

Alma Mater.

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1916 1916



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Alma Mater

We look before and after And long for what is gone,— The days of happy laughter, The years of joyous song.

The paths we trod together,
The gifts we shared as one,
The pleasant hours of labor,
Now that our goal is won.

We turn, and backward gazing, The tear-drops dim our eyes, For 'mid the noisy chatter Fond memories arise.

Fond memories of Nazareth, The school our hearts hold dear; From her our lives must sever At the close of this short year.

For aye shall we remember
Those happy days gone by;
And thou, dear Alma Mater,
Shalt claim our love's last sigh.
Eleanor McCarthy.



Class Poem

Onward, valiant Seniors!
'Neath your banner true,
Its gleaming folds enshroud you,—
Its mystic gold and blue.

Trust to good and virtue In your hour of need; God's strong arm protecting, Will be your strength, indeed.

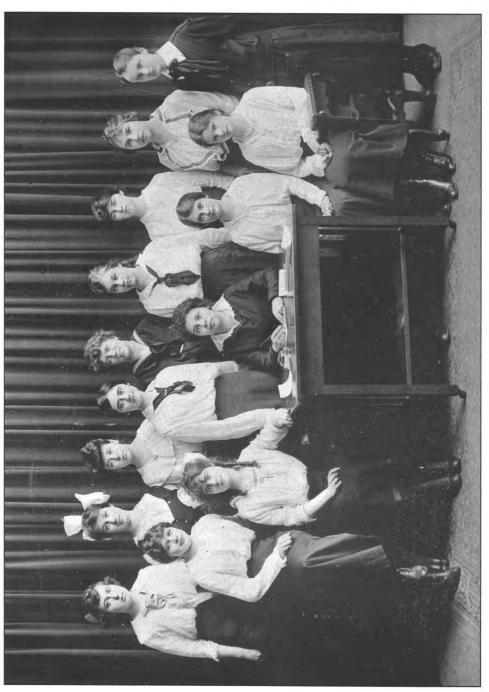
Onward, patient Seniors!

Dream not of wayside rest,
"Till duties done entitle
To pause on life's great quest.

List, O heart-linked Seniors!
Life's treasure, is ahead.
Press on, and let youth's joyance
Its gleam around you shed.

On! Till flecks of silver
Gleam soft o'er each fair brow;
Till all life's sheathes are garnered
From seed you scatter now.

Louise Lawson







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Editorial Troubles

The Editor looked O so worn!

Her face bespoke dismay;

While all about her, galleys long
In great confusion lay.

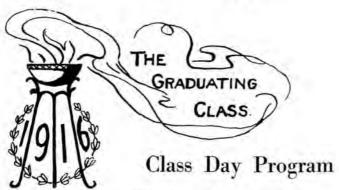
Her heart was tripping nervously, Her fingers all did shake; The Class Day stood so very near, And O so much at stake!

Her fair Assistant at her side, With hands besmeared with paste, Was fitting up each "Dummy Page"; The rest read proof in haste.

The hours ran on, the scissors flew,
And flew the ink as well:
'Twixt wrong set right and right set wrong,
Small difference could they tell.

At last the fever ran its course.
At last the work was done!
Their own approving comments ran,
"No finer neath the sun!"





"This day is our very own, We'll brim it up with merriment."

Leader of Cheer Margaret Creegan A Greeting
Song We'll Ne'er Forget Thee
An Account of Ourselves:
Part I Cecilia T, Murphy
Part II Mildred Bertsch
Song On Graduation Day
Poem Song of the School-Bells
If Aurelia M. Savard
(With apologies to Kipling). Written by Irma L. McMahon
Quartette-Land of the Swallows Masini
Genevieve L. Bolton Margaret G. Dempsey
Miriam E. Hebard Margaret M. Needham
Class Will M. Genevieve Keenan Lucy J. Mascari
Improving on Poe Rhea B. Mayer
Class Song Nazareth Most Fair
Class Dinner
"After Words"
Toast Mistress Mildred A. Daus
The Class, 1916 Concetta A. Marchese
Song Backward, Turn Backward
Nazareth Superstitions Cynthia W. Wade
Song Good Bye, Nazareth
The Vanishing Point-Our President Eleanor M. McCarthy
A Good Word from a Good Friend Our Right Reverend Bishop

Go forth, O Maiden Band! Be thy pathway fair, Thy life a "Vision of Goodness"



· The Senior



Record of Our Academic Life

N order to introduce the reader of this historic narrative, I must needs project myself backwards (which is neither graceful nor easy unless the one so projected, (shall I say the projectile?) has enjoyed a course in athletics). I must project myself backwards (to quote Tennyson to some purpose), "to the beginning of a Time." This (and here I beg my gentle reader to be duly impressed) was the real beginning of the Modern Era. (Let those who have been accustomed to date Modern History from the revival of the Western Empire, make haste to correct the Erratum.)

It began, indeed, with the advent of the reverend object of my history, the Class of 1916. That, to be sure, was back in the mists of time—to be chronologically exact, in the year of Our Lord, 1912.

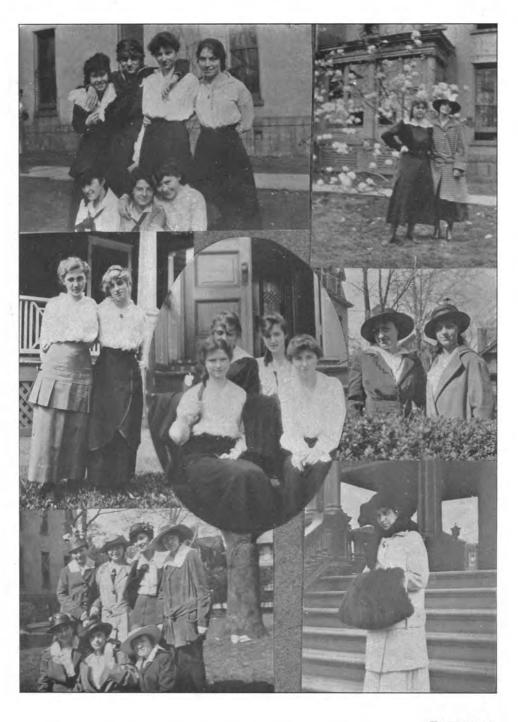
My reader being thus briefly introduced to "The Class", he will naturally be curious to know from whence it came, whether it was comely to look upon, what was its size and its social and intellectual status. The regular course of my history, therefore, requires that I should proceed to note that "The Class" represents a confluence of choice spirits from every parish within the city limits, are and far beyond them, to dreamy Phelps, queenly Elmira, and far off Panama, that has witnessed the recent happy bridal of the Atlantic and Pacific Streams.

In answering the second query I would say, "Yea, verily, 'The Class' has its rich dower of maidenly beauty. In proof, turn I beseech thee, the preceeding pages and feast thine eyes on beauty; and where thou findest none, be assured, it is not the fault of the maid, but rather of cameras and copper plates." In point of size you would in truth find an amazing variety from Mae Timmons, our tiny treasure, to Marie Dowd, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." The social question is easily settled in 1916 by the leveling and lifting hand of democracy. In talent we have all the variety of the starry summer sky, from luna's beauteous though borrowed light, through scintilating meteor and wandering planet, on to the steady radiance of first magnitudes.

At the outset, I wish to warn my readers that the course of this memorable class contains many labyrinths and rocky passages. Therefore, it behoves them to keep close at my heels, and not be solicitous to glance either to right or left, lest they meet with a mass of perilous undertakings and unexpected happenings.

When the dazzling radiance of 1916 first broke upon the shadowy borders of Nazareth, the startled authorities made haste to prepare a special place for these etherial creatures, and fittingly chose a place of abode nearest to Heaven—the top floor.

Our first onset in the intellectual fray was with honorable foes who spoke the tongue of Roman Senators, and who have left "foot prints on the sands of time," and finger-marks on vellum or papyrus or some other tough material, from which it has been reproduced from century to century to foster the pugnacity and a few other qualities, of angelic beings known academically as "Freshmen."





We were next sent out on a marauding expedition, with nets, staves and other murderous weapons. The tropies resulting therefrom still flauntingly adorn the walls of the Biological laboratory or have been immortalized in alcohol. In Botany too we diligently plied the scalpel and magnifying glass in our endeavor to "unscrew the unscrutable." And let me not forget to give a passing thought to Algebra, profound and unintelligible. Thus we jogged earnestly onward, and our First Year ended in peace and happiness.

The next point in our discussion is to clear up the sundry doubts, that may arise, as to how our worthy class assumed the dignity of Sophomores. On returning from a pleasant, eventful vacation, we took up our grave responsibilities, and with more solemn aspect, claimed our future abode in the study hall, since it was necessary to bequeath our former domain to the next Freshman class.

Scarce, however, had we completed our worthy substructure when in trudged Geometry with its chest of woes. Caesar next confronted us with "turres," but protected by the "veneae" we marched through the wars with his conquering legions.

In our Junior year we sat down at the feet of Science and broke testtubes and beakers for our amusement. This deep-eyed and broad-browed Science took us by the hand one day, and led us out by devious paths to Cobb's Hill. She must have been pleased with our enthusiasm, if not our intelligence, here, for she straightway started with us for the locks on Monroe Avenue. I think she touched a hidden spring or blew an invisible trumpet, for our scarce-uttered wish was fulfilled when six splendid canal boats hove in sight. To complete the romantic tale, we took a mile ride to the next locks, wholly, be it remembered, in the interest of science.

All our experiences as Juniors, however, were not so rainbow-hued. We were finishing DeCoverley Papers. The day's assignment, the death of the good old Knight, had put us in mournful spirits, and so devoted were we all and so deeply grieved at his demise, that we determined to do fitting honor to the occasion. Accordingly each member of the class appeared with black veil, draped on left arm. Funerals are sad occasion, but our grief was augmented when we saw the futility of our pains. The teacher failed to distinguish between our mourning weeds and our black uniforms. So idle is ceremonious grief!

However, despite the mingled joys and misfortunes, our Junior year culminated happily and we were all aglow with satisfaction and expectation. If we could but peep into the tally of dame Fortune, where, like a notable, thrifty landlady, she regularly chalks up the debit and credit accounts of classes, we should find that, on the whole, this class came out with a pretty even balance.

And now for the closing year of academic life. American History did something for our patriotism and something toward setting our earlier historic furniture, to rights. Our classics slumbers, were sometimes rudely disturbed by the occasional appearance of a myth from out the mists of the East. The struggle for recognition was often an embarrasing episode. And then, dear Burke with your fine-spun logic, and your plea that to satisfy a people you must give them what they want, not what you may think better for them, 'tis at that moment precisely, you stole our hearts away.



Does my reader enjoy a good debate? I perceive your objection. Yes I mean the real thing. We of '16 do too, provided we're not the ones that have to prepare the papers. But we can furnish the debaters and they can furnish the papers. If your faith is weak look on page 71, or better, refer the question to Father Simpson, to whom we also refer as one of the Judges on debate. The first debate of this year on The Reform Prison System versus the Punative, reflected great glory on 1916. The second public Senior debate of the year, The Closed versus the Open Shop, made us feel that we were getting somewhere in affairs.

Now any History of the Class of 1916 would be unpardonably abridged without an account of our visit to the Memorial Art Gallery. Here is where we learned the four national methods of painting, English, Dutch, German and American, and also all that most of us know about Impression-

istic painting, which we have been so cleverly parading ever since.

One of the later happenings that did honor to its place in the ascending scale of events was the visit of Archbishop Hanna. Indeed Senior year began auspiciously by an earlier visit from the genial Archbishop. Yet we feel that the recent visit was a fitting climax chronologically and in the perfection of circumstances. We attended his Mass in the Chapel on that perfect May morning and listened enchanted to his glowing words of tender reminiscence and profoundly moving exhortation; and after we had addressed to him our simple, ardent word, the good Archbishop crowned the occasion with a holiday. May his visits to Nazareth, which we have so much enjoyed, be repeated "ad infinitum."



Before the Scientific Historian brings his narrative to a close, it is entirely within his province to indulge his prophetic sense in regard to probable events. As at the present writing some weeks remain before our completed history shall be folded up like a scroll and deposited in its proper row, our youthful hope draws two more pictures in colors of rose and gold. They are the celebration with our Right Reverend Bishop, of what on a happy occasion was named the "War Holiday," and the "Senior May Day." If before the bright dawn of Commencement Day, these dreams be ful-



filled, our hopes shall not have been in vain, and we shall go forth conscious of an interior power that forces the good things of life to come our way, which augurs well for the time to be.

And thus ere we wipe our historic pen and adjust it over the ear in permanence, we wish to indite our sentiments of tender love and deep gratitude to those earnest, faithful guardians of our schooldays, our teachers, who have so generously given us of their best,—their wisdom, their experience, their inspiration and their personal love. God bless them and give them back a hundred fold. May they speedily consign our shortcomings to forgetfulness, but be our truer selves remembered by them with a pleasant tenderness, as they will be remembered by us, even to the sunset hour.

Cecilia Murphy.



If---

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can keep your head when ev'ry teacher Is asking you the question you don't know; If you can trust yourself to face those Regents' But make allowance for a rating low; If you can wait and not be tired of waiting, For two-fifteen to come around again, Or being tired don't give way to languor, But keep your int'rest glowing just the same.

If you can dream—and still escape detection;
If you can think—enough to wade through "Plane";
If you can meet with Cicero or Caesar,
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear the sight of Physics' problems,
Arranged to sound like Russian or Chinese,
Or see the drawing weary hours were spent on,
Rejected with "just change the color please,"

If you can make one heap of all your knowledge,
And stir it up and dole it out each day,
So skillfully the faculty will take it,
And never guess the trick you try to play;
If you can force yourself to relish Comus,
To swim through Burke where experts often drown,
And reach high water mark in Fourth Year English—
A feat that ought to win you much renown,

If you can sit with friends and still learn Virgil,
Or have some fun—nor pay the price in marks,
If neither lessons missed nor Regents' fret you,
As long as there are many happy larks;
If you can smile and say, "O yes, I love school!
(But still I'd like vacation without end!)"
You are a girl right worthy of old Naz'reth,
And—which is more—you are like us, my friend!

I. L. M.

1916







The Senior Commercial Class History

NCE more a large class of future business women is about to graduate from Nazareth Academy. Two years ago on a September morning, we first entered the Commercial rooms and gazed around timidly. How we envied the Seniors their ease and comfortable "at home" manners! But the time passed swiftly, in fact, faster than we cared to have it, and before we realized it vacation had come and passed, and we returned in September, 1915, holding the place we had so envied the year before.

It is fine to be a Senior and have the Juniors look upon us with becoming deference; and we have endeavored to carry ourselves with dignity and give good example (sometimes). Even the little mirror has not been used as much as in former years; but this is not the place for explanations, for it might interfere with my laudatory purpose.

Many incidents and occurrences have happened which will make it a pleasure, when at some future day we are stenographers, secretaries, book-keepers or correspondents, to look back upon the years spent at Nazareth. Especially in the typewriting room, many enjoyable hours have been passed, and some day (maybe), the future pupils of Nazareth Academy will read of the prominence which the Commercial graduates of 1916 have gained in the business world and the fine positions they are holding as a result of their diligent application, and also on account of their speed and accuracty in handling the typewriter.

It will be our privilege to say in later life that we were the last Senior Class of the "old" Nazareth; and we shall refer to the days spent there with pride, for we believe that no matter how grand "new" Nazareth may be, happier days cannot be passed than we enjoyed in the old rooms. We have none but good wishes for the girls of the "new" Nazareth Commercial world, but our hearts will cling to the dear old school, and the memories of both teachers and classmates will be always dear to us.

Mildred Bertsch.



We Ne'er Can Forget Thee

Thee, Nazareth, our Fostering Mother, We love as we ne'er can another. When far has fled our youth-time free, Our thoughts will oft return to thee, No, Nazareth, we cannot forget thee Though roaming o'er land and o'er sea.

Dear Nazareth, how could we forget thee Since deep in our fond hearts we set thee, There, shrined a love that's tried. Thy spirit shall with us abide, Illumining the hours of life's day, 'Till the gates of the sunset shall close on our way.

Genevieve Miller.



The Junior



Fifty-four



Junior Class

HAT day in the annals of time is more important to Nazareth than September 2, 1913? Did it not mark the advent of the present Junior Class into this time-honored place? Many towns and cities, outside our own beloved Rochester including even the metropolis of these United States and the historic shores of Canada, sent representatives to swell the numbers of our noble class.

But those glorious times have faded in the dim distance. Faintly we seem to remember the contemptuous remarks of our upper classmen "Look at the Freshies! Look at the Freshies!" We learned to say with Caesar, "Veni, Vidi, Vici," and in Algebra found how to extract the square root

of our difficulties.

However, the time soon came when we ascended but one flight of steps each morning. We surrendered that much despised title, Freshman, to our successors of the upper floor, and proudly entered the assembly hall as Sophomores—"Suffermores" truly. There we learned to master Geometry theorems like heroes. We wept with the conquered Helvetians, and laughed with Launcelot and the light-hearted Gratiano in the "Merchant of Venice."

But 1914 too sped swiftly by on the wings of the wind and the signal and the second specific second specific second specific second second

But 1914 too sped swiftly by on the wings of the wind, and the following September found us again in these ancestral halls. What a hopeless class of prospective graduates! What Juniors! How many teachers said in despair, "O tempora! O mores!" When somebody stubbornly maintained that the greatest battle of the Civil War in 1863 was the Emancipation Proclamation, and someone else thought that iron should run like water because it was called soft, there seemed to be no hope whatever for our illustrious class. But "Qui l'aurait cru?" time has proved the reverse. Who does not know that "Zwischen die roten Linien ist Deutschland" and that Archias was enrolled a Heraclean?

At last the goal is in sight. There is a general straightening of shoulders, and raising of chins among the Juniors. With what cool condescension they address the Sophomores, while the Freshmen are entirely beneath their notice. Will they not soon be potent, wise and reverend Seniors? But Juniors and Seniors alike, and even Sophomores and Freshmen love to linger 'round the shadowy halls of Nazareth, for our days there are numbered. The parting draws near. "Fare thee well, dear old school. Another home shall behold us as Seniors."

Rosalie C. Maier, '17.



Driving Pegasus

A Poet I must be. And hence you soon shall see What verses can come from compulsion.

The space I fain must fill, Tho' straight against my will,-These verses that come from compulsion.

No poet shall I be As doubtless you'll agree, From these verses which come from compulsion. Dorothy C. Meyers.



The Yellow and Blue

Acrostic.

Y—is for You, dear school of our youth, Emblem of happiness, goodness and truth.

is for Everyone, who during our stay,
Has helped banish care and trouble away.

Is the Love which is theirs by right,
Free heart-gift ever, ne'er claimed by might.
is for Light, which all thru' the years,
Illumined our minds, and dispelled darksome fears.

O-is for Our,-Our Class; please to know, All clever and genial; not one you'd call slow.

-for our Wish to be constant and true, And proudly to stand by the Yellow and Blue.

A-is for Affable-what we all are, Cheery and bright as a clear-glancing star. is for Numb-sculls not found in our ranks,

Conspicuously absent, as likewise are cranks.
-is for "Do-it," of course, we add "Now,"
Our motto—Just try it. Twill serve you, I trow.

B—is for Books, though often a bore, Yet through them our minds imbibe useful lore.

for the Life, which we soon will be leaving,

With eyes full of tears, and with hearts full of grieving.
U—is for Us, the class now departing,
Decked with crowns, and armed with diplomas, outstarting.

is for Everygirl, ready to start,

Now that our various life ways must part.

To the Yellow and Blue,

We will ever be true.

The Yellow you'll find in the gold of our hearts,

The Blue in clear truth, which with honor ne'er parts, Then, a round, hearty cheer for the colors we wear, A cheer for the standard that proudly we bear, May its folds ever float over hearts that are true, Long, long may it flourish, the Yellow and Blue.

Frances McGinnis.



If they say, "Why are you happy, And from troubles why so free?" We'll promptly give the motto Of our dear Academy.

We study hard and still have fun And Oh! How proud are we Because we are the students Of our dear Academy.

We love our land from sea to see, We love our city too, But "Nazareth" is the only school 'Neath the flag Red, White and Blue.

Evelyn M. Heinlein.







Fifty-eight



Sophomore Class

MILE Cammaerts, a Belgian poet, writing for the benefit of the soldiers in the trenches, has written a few lines which seem especially applicable to this sketch of the Sophomore class:

"Many a secret lies herein
That should not be told;
Many a whispered foolishness,
Many a thing that to confess
Might be overbold."

Here the application ends.

Last year, although we lived in the upper region, where there is supposed to be a rarified atmosphere, we longed for the time when all the humiliations, attendant on Freshman life, would be over. In vain we insisted that we were not "Freshies," but rather the "members of the Freshman Class of Nazareth Academy." We were obliged to wait, with the best grace we could summon, until this year should bring us our reward.

When we had reached the dignity of Sophomores, geometry, semioccasionally and oftener, literally surrounded us, although we were unable
to prove how. We can hardly be spoken of as neutral, for, in the beginning
of the term, some espoused the cause of "sunny France," while others
joined forces with "Deutschland." These latter hold so many notes of
places to visit, behind the words, "When you go to Germany, you must
see . . .", that they feel a doubt about trying to see a country where
every place entices one to another. The only place where we were united
—sometimes, I fear against a common enemy—was in the campaigns of
one Gaius Julius Caesar. A few "just loved" Caesar, but they were
denounced as of unsound mind, because they dared to say they liked a
person "who talks in sentences a page long." Sophomores, you know, are
not talkative, not in the least. But you must not imagine that our only
battles were in foreign tongues. We all know that the pen—if well used
the night before—was mightier than the sword in averting wrath in the
English class.

This is the biography of the first half of our academic life. During this time, we have had many happy moments which we will always remember. True, there have been incidents which caused us to wonder as to the ultimate success of our earnest endeavors. But at all times, whether in success or failure, our motto, the motto of the school, has been before us. It is but natural that we should expect victory under this standard: "Dominus illuminatio mea."

Dorothy McGrath, '18.



Blue and Gold

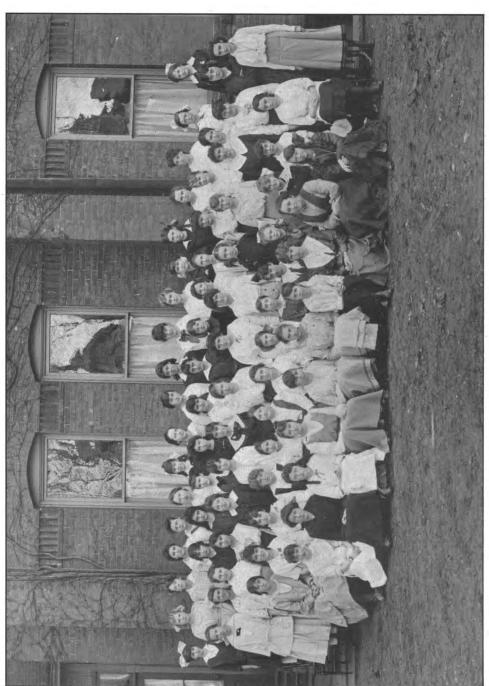
Dear to our hearts is the Blue and Gold,
The colors that wave proudly o'er us.
May our lives to their meaning respond ever true,
And their brightness gleam proudly before us.
Margaret Dempsey.

Beeresses 1916 Lessonson





· The Freshman





From the Freshmen

NE balmy September morning in the year 1915, there entered the doors of Nazareth Academy a bright set of merry promising girls. But these students with their inexperience of high school life soon found that they were only "Freshies," and that the trials and troubles accompanying that title were far fram few; for instance, when in their Biology class they were introduced to the human skeleton, which was to become their personal friend. At first they shuddered at the mere thought of its proximity, but finally tried to make friends.

In their English class they found another "Forest of Arden" where they roamed with Rosalind and Celia and found "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks ,sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But alas! Algebra with its syren x, y, z's, lured them onward to shoals and precipices, though they were just congratulating themselves that Arithmetic with its fractions, square roots and partial payments was conquered.

The worst is yet to come. Which of us does not recall with mingled feelings, the strenuous drill through many a movement and manouver amongst bristling conjugations and against entrenched declensions, wild skirmishes with constructions in ambush, all of which proceedings were intended to train us for Caesar's cohorts.

But soon the hand of time touched us lightly, bidding us rise from our happy dreams and pleasant labors, and seek other fields stretching towards the uplands, where we should receive new tasks and new titles, leaving our cocoons in the Freshmen valley, to emerge as beautiful and bright Sophomoric butterflies, the admired of all who have seeing eyes and understanding hearts.

Elsie Waterhouse.



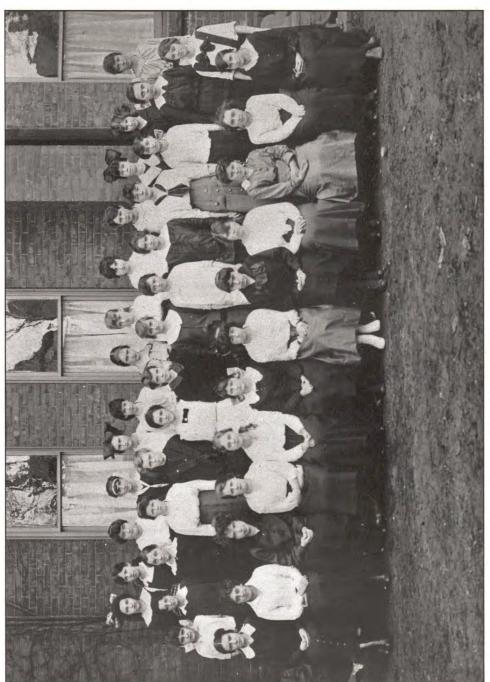
The Yellow and Blue

When you see that pennant waving,—
The Yellow and the Blue,
Do you ever stop to meditate
On all it means to you?

To us it stands for Nazareth, Our home of girlhood fair. For honor and for loyalty, Instilled into us there.

Now fare we forth on earnest ways, To meet what life may hold; Our hearts so true, our purpose pure, Reflect the Blue and Gold.

Marie Doud.





Our Junior Commercials

HE leaves had just begun to fall in Autumn of last year, when numbers of serious-looking young girls marched into the Fortress of Knowledge, more commonly known as Nazareth, to pay suit to the mysterious beings, who hold their court within. The mighty personages are named "Wisdom" and "Power." Wisdom has many jewels and one in particular called Happiness, which these ambitious girls strove for eagerly. Power possessed a map with directions for discovering a great chest of treasures, which lay in the cave of Success, and this too was earnestly sought by these young Nazarenes.

Now the year is almost over and these mighty ones have surrendered some of their secrets and some of their treasures to these winsome seekers. They are now looking forward to the time though a year distant, when they will go forth with their precious possessions to share them with others in their little world, where Wisdoms' Jewel will shed its brightness and the magic wand of power will grow stronger in their hands, in proportion to their own fidelity to the conditions under which they received the gifts,—that they should be irreproachable in conduct, faithful to duty and possess a heart of kindness for others.

Antoinette Cassidy.



Happy Nazarenes

I know girls who do what they can,
Who work and have little to say—
Not much on the dress, but their steps we all bless,
And their names are "The Nazarenes,"
I love to meet these good girls on the street,
For their smiles just help me along;
And their voices clear when they're coming near
Tell me this old world "ain't" wrong.

I hear merry sounds, when they're around,
I may feel "all down and out;"
But soon as I hear their voices come near
I could sing for joy and shout.
Glad Nazarenes, go on your white way,
And teach us the gladness you know;
We all can be bright, and make our loads light,
If in sweet simple goodness we grow.

Lucy Mascari.



"Yellow and Blue"

Yellow and blue make green,
So our artists say,
We prove Nature's code to be false, I ween,
The students of dear old N. A.

Catherine J. FitzGibbon.



CAST OF "FUTURE WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"



CAST OF "MACBETH"



Dramatics

Thanksgiving the Seniors presented a racy little comedy, "The Future Woman of Affairs;" and for an hour our dignity was diminished in the eyes of our guests, the Juniors. It was saved from destruction, however, by our honored valedictorian, Margaret Leyden, who earnestly endeavored to keep order among the characters. It was generally resolved, after seeing Dorothy Dashly as an old maid looking for a man, never to be found in such a ludicrous situation, while all agreed that the women who are looking for their rights would surely win, if Genevieve Keenan and Aurelia Savard were among their number. Margaret Grady, who affected the real masculine in the play, kept the audience in continuous laughter by her appearance at the psychological moments and by the caustic witticism of her "asides." Although Frances McGinnis and Marie Murphy, in their role as "practical" women, pleaded against the proposed reforms of the "newer woman of affairs," Margaret Creegan, in the end the two buttreflies, Genevieve Bolton and Mildred Carnes were still neutral. We are still awaiting results from that strenuous and highly impressive meeting.

It was with great pleasure that we anticipated the coming of President Southwick of Emerson, for we had seen him last year in "Cardinal Richelieu." This time, however, he gave Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," with which we were all familiar. Although we will not be there, we hope that next year the pupils will once more enjoy a visit and a dramatic

reading from President Southwick.

By the time the Seniors were ready for their next production they had so far advanced in courage as to discard light comedy, in favor of heavy tragedy, in the presentation of "Macbeth." So well did the members of the cast enter into their parts, that it was difficult to recognize Katherine FitzGibbon in Macbeth, and Helen Desmond in Lady Macbeth. Again, Margaret Grady took the role of a man with great success. Roberta Courtney, as the gentlewoman, showed exceptional dramatic ability, and Cecilia Murphy and Lauretta Yauchzi performed their parts creditably. On the whole, our Shakespearean play, together with the scholarly and entertaining lecture on "Shakespeare Then and Now," given by the celebrated Dr. Walsh, constituted a creditable celebration of the great dramatist's trecentenary.

Dorothy Meyers.



Our Class

Does anyone know of a class, The band of '16 to surpass, In which each stands an ideal lass?

In number we surely abound. You always know when we're around By the uproar and fun to be found.

We have heard of some classes, 'tis true Attractive and good, brilliant too, But none can be found more "True Blue."

Aurelia Savard.







BETA PHI OFFICERS

Beta Phi

HE reorganization of the Beta Phi Club caused quite a bit of anxiety in the Junior circle this year, because of their late enrollment. Our Junior sisters thought that they were to be denied the honor of membership, which has been the height of their ambition since their Sophomore days.

Because of the growth of our school, the membership as well as the frequency of the meetings, has been limited. There is but one meeting a month, and that is held on the third Friday.

The club showed its good judgment in the election of officers. Our President is Margaret Leyden; Vice-President, Irma McMahon; Secretary, Helen Murphy and Treasurer, Esther Downs. These worthy officers have proved their efficiency in the capable management of the society during the year and in the good programs presented. They have also elicited the commendation of the club in the speakers that were invited from time to time.

The Rev. Edward Bayer of St. Francis Xavier's Church was invited to address the club at one meeting. His discourse on Francis Tompson was highly appreciated and enjoyed by the members, as the speaker, on account of his own deep interest in the poet, clothed his subject with a great charm and interest for his hearers. The poems selected for reading on the occasion, will always have a special connection and beauty for the members of the club. At another meeting Father Bayer addressed the club on the subject, "Benedict XV." He gave us many interesting sidelights on the life and personality of our present Pope. For both these talks on subjects very dear to Catholic hearts, we are deeply indebted and extend our hearty thanks.

Sixty-nine



At one of our meetings the Seniors gave a debate on the question of Open versus Closed Shops. We wish to congratulate both the affirmatives and negatives on their well prepared and forcefully delivered arguments. Although the debate took place on St. Patrick's Day, there was no "Shillalah" in evidence.

The last meeting of the year took place on May twenty-second. At this meeting we had the pleasure of welcoming back our Retreat friend Rev. Wm. P. Ryan. A reading from Alfred Noyes was named for the program of the meeting. It goes without saying that when Father Ryan was the speaker, we were given much more than Alfred Noyes' poetry. To those introduced to the poet on that occasion, as well as to those of older acquaintance, the reading was a revelation of beauty and the highest art. The delight of the afternoon made us look back with envious eyes to the days when Father Ryan was the official moderator and constant inspiration of the club.

We wish to thank the officers who have served the literary club for the year, for the earnestness and efficiency with which they have conducted the affairs of the club. We trust that their labors will close with as great satisfaction to themselves as they have given to us. We trust that a new school year will see the club reassembled with the same enthusiasm and

vigor as have characterized the workings of the present year.

G. Bolton.



Alma Mater

We know not what the future holds, We cannot see the path ahead,-God only knows. Thy hand in very patience moulds, O Mother mine,—A task how dread-'Gainst life's sore woes.

Thy light illumes the starward way, And gleams most bright where shadows cling, To guide us on, Though sorrow's mist may shroud our day, Thy holy beams shall comfort bring, G. Keenan. While life-sands run.

The Sower

With a swirl it broke-so strong a blast! I felt its push, I felt its call,-As near a garden gate I passed, To enter neath its subtile thrall With hungry hope and mighty will To scatter seeds with Eurus' skill.

Across the lawn—a fairy scene! Neath silver cloud—'neath heaven's blue, In shade's deep-green, in sun's gilt beam, White stretched the track—my foot-path due. Here Orient's gift—there Iris' tears, They wait to gild the coming years.

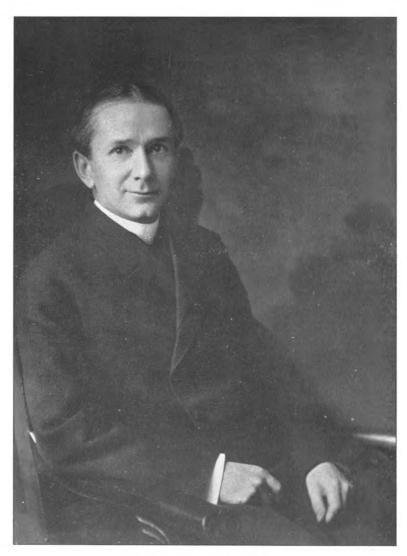
So, Joying in the breath of Spring
With glad, strong hand, I sowed the seeds; And mingling with a merry ring Of bright companions, marked their deeds. They too were sowing—wheat or tares? We wait the sheaves that Autumn bears. Marie Murphy.

Seventy





DEBATING TEAMS



REV. WILLIAM P. RYAN



Our Retreat

"Into thy soul's secluded vault,
Dare oft to go,—
Dig deep into thy mine of thought,
Nor spare the blow;
Illuminate the crevices
And all they hold;
Much dross thou mayest bring to light,
Mayhap much gold."

HIS stanza is suggestive of the work done by the students of Nazareth during the three days set apart for the work of the Annual Retreat, a time always looked forward to with eagerness by the pupils of the Academy.

Many Seniors remember with pleasure, their first retreat at Nazareth, given by Father Ryan, and received the announcement that he would conduct the exercises this year with undisguised pleasure. The three short days of Retreat have come and like other days, have gone never to return. But not like other days that we forget, those three days, which have done much to give us pause for a quiet accounting with ourselves, with the world and with God; time for lighting up the gray dimness of our lives by the searching light of Truth, that we may see whither our bark is drifting or toward what harbor directed. This beautiful opportunity of shutting out the world for a time gives us a chance to get closer to ourselves, with a view to correcting unlovely tendencies, correcting all the lines of life, that they may converge duly to the great Center of our lives, that Light which illumines and warms and beautifies it all.

Through these hours of silent prayer and serious reflection, not only does new light come, but also new inspiration to lift our lives higher and make them truer and nobler, more lovely in the sight of God and more full of usefulness, that thus we may have life more abundantly.

Our Retreat this year was of an exceptional character and was especially enjoyable. The budding May-time gave it a special charm and the clear sunshine of the closing morning seemed to proceed from within our hearts and souls.

The exercises consisted of Holy Mass, conferences, meditation, spiritual reading and prayer. Each of the splendid conferences held for us a wealth of spiritual thought, food for the up-building of noble character into the perfect type of Christian womanhood, and inspiration for the most pure, most useful and well-ordered life according to the high principles of our faith.

The strong theme running through it all worked out so magnificently in each conference by the eloquent Director was expressed on the pretty souvenir of the Retreat found at each place at breakfast after the closing exercise on Saturday morning:

"The Vision of the Fullness of Life, The Beauty of Goodness now, The Splendor of Happiness forever, 'O Lord, that I may see.'"



CHORAL CLUB



VIOLIN CLASS

Seventy-four



The students of Nazareth, and especially the Senior Class wish to express their warm thanks to Rev. Father Ryan for the high service rendered to our school and to each individual student in the work of our splendid Retreat. We trust that his efforts to lift our desires and direct our aspirations to things worth while, will produce the results in our lives which he pictured with such beauty and strength, and will lead us at last to the only end worth the soul's striving, personal sanctification here and happiness unending.

Mildred Daus



Tableaux

If "All the world is but a stage," then we The Puppets in the Play of Life, must be:
Each traveler on the way must take some part,
Or false to life, or showing forth its heart.
Some deeds for each, some words that each must say,
Be hers the leading part or laic in the play.
Our aim, to mount the springing rounds of Fame,
And o'er the topmost round to carve our name.

So, let us in brief tableaux, show to you,
A maiden's life in pictures sweet and true,
From prologue till the curtain falls at last,
And all the hopes and fears of life are past.
Her first appearance on the "Stage of Life,"
Is oft effected where its clang is rife;
Her inner soul, stands yet unmoved and strong,
So by these dangers is not oft led wrong.

To classroom discipline her youth is lent,
And over tiresome books she's lowly bent,
With joyful intervals when life is play,
Filled full with peagents of a holiday.
Would this glad, even life might longer last!
Too soon, alas, it glides into the past.
With graduation comes the parting ways,
And radient mem'ries gild youth's rosy days.

Then frocks are lengthened, and the hair upturned, While Life's preplexing lessons must be learned. Her education finished, next she's "out," And filled with trembling, self-distrust and doubt. Then comes the moment when she fain must choose, Along what path proceed, which gifts must use.

Right well she plays her part as happy maid,
But better still, her part as matron staid,
Her life is filled with mingled joy and care,
Of open charity and graces fair;
Then comes the interlude with peace sublime,
Which gives the actress breathing space, and time
"To search her heart and ask, "How goes the play?"
"How reads the Critic?" "Have I earned the bay?"

Miriam Hebard.





CLASS SONGS



Nazareth, My Nazareth

In this hour that gladdens thus,
Shape a cheering song for us,
Oh Nazareth!
A song to ring through all our years,
The hum of voices and of cheers,
A song to quiet pain and fears,
Nazareth! My Nazareth!

Thine is a universal love,
Thine the cross and crown thereof,
Oh Nazareth!
Help us then to sing thy worth,
God hath blessed thee from thy birth,
To us thou'rt first of all the earth,—
Nazareth! My Nazareth!
Dolores Brown.



Nazareth, the World is Calling

(Air "Somewhere a Voice is Calling.")
Nazareth, the world is calling,
Calling for me;
But I'll ever be loyal,
Loyal to thee.

Nazareth, the dawn is breaking,
When we must part.
For thee I'll be yearning,
Home of my heart.
Genevieve L. Bolton.



Backward, Turn Backward

Backward, turn Backward,
Oh Time, in thy flight
Let us live over
The old days so bright,—
Days when our happiness
Bound us as one,
And life free and joyous
In gladness led on.
Chorus.

Beautiful girlhood, could'st thou but stay, Linger awhile on thy fleet-winged way, Leave with us always thy hope burning bright, Cheering and filling the world with its light.

Swiftly, oh swiftly,
The years will roll on,
Leaving but mem'ries
Of days that are gone,
Dreams of the days
That were blithesome and gay,
To cheer with their brightness,
Our life's weary way.

Eleanor McCarthy,



Our Graduation Day

(Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

Our hearts have felt the coming,
Of our graduation day,
We are now prepared to say farewell,
And then be on our way,
While the mem'ry of its glowing
In our hearts we'll lay away,
On graduation day.

Chorus.
Then, a cheer we'll raise for Naz'reth,
Raise a hearty cheer for Naz'reth,
Join our ringing cheer for Naz'reth,
Before we say good-by.

We leave with happy thoughts of days
Now gone beyond recall,
Of the chats between our classes,
In the long and noble hall.
As nearer comes the parting, ever deared seems it al
It's hard to say good-by.
Frances Campion.

"The Dearest Spot"

The dearest spot on earth to me is
"Nazareth."
The well-loved place I daily see is
"Nazareth."
There machine-click charms the hearing,
There our law-books are endearing,
Even "Hahn's" is not so cheering as
"Nazareth."

I've taught my heart the way to prize our "Nazareth."
I'd find my way with bandaged eyes to "Nazareth."
There the teachers are delighted,
As our minds grow less benighted,
And when "Sten" we have not slighted, at "Nazareth."
Frieda Schnepf.

Senior Year

(Air of a Perfect Day.)
When you come to the end of your Senior Year,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the bells ring out with a tinkle clear,
For the joy that the years have brought,
Do you think what the end of a Senior Year,
Can mean to a girlish heart,
When the end brings down the curtain drear,
And the happy band must part?

Well, this is the end of our Senior Year,
And the end of our School-Days too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true;
For Nazareth has painted these glad School-Days
With colors that never fade,
And we find, at the end of our glad School-Days,
The love of the friends we've made.

Harriet Smith.



Our Senior Year

When you come to the end of your Senior Year
And you think of the days gone bye,
With the mem'ry of each day. fresh and clear,
Full of friendships true and tried,
Do you think what the end of that Senior Year
Can mean to the Senior Heart,
When the birds bring cheer and the flowers appear
And the loved ones fain must part?

Now 'tis the end of our Senior Year,—
The end of our direful woes
That knit the brow and pinched the cheek,
And pilfered its lovely rose;
Yet the future will paint but in brightest tones,
Old joys and old friendships dear;
It will bring like a breeze from the Vale of Love,
Happy thouhts of our Senior Year.

Roberta Courtney.



Class Song

(Swanee River)
Way down to lovely Frank and Jay Street,
Blightly each day,
Fares forth, like graceful-gliding swan-fleet,
Maids on their school-ward way.
O their hearts are glad and lightsome
If they've studied well,—
Clouds gather o'er them dark and frightsome,
If other tale must tell.
Chorus:

All the world is sad and dreary
When we're unprepared;
O Classmates, how it make one weary,
Nerve-racked as well, and scared!

O up and down those halls we've wandered,
While on our way
To many-a bright and cheery class-room,
Where we recite each day.
There's a room among the others,
Quite our second home,—
There's where our thought will often lead us,
No matter where we roam.
Chorus

O thou fairest one, our Mother, Could we but remain! O happy school-days, like none other, Ne'er shall ye come again. Ruth Guinan.



Farewell

Good-bye, girls, we're through; Bright skies hang over you. We've done with hard exams, With pale excuse and shams.

To each here haply met,
The parting brings regret.
Ring now the passing knell,
Forewell, '16, farewell.
Ola Sh



School Days

(Old Oaken Bucket.)

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our School-days,
When fond retrospection presents them to view,
The teachers, the students, the bright cheery class-rooms,
The old dog-eared Virgil our Senior year knew.
How can we forget thee, thou music all golden,
That came from the heart of the vibrating gong,
When five minutes early its iron tongue olden,
Released the expectant and o'er-anxious throng.

Chorus.

The old Naz'reth school-days, The dear, happy school-days, The heart's golden-rule days, We all loved so well.

How often we came to the dear old Assembly,
When Tests or Rhetoricals brooked no delay;
Or Beta Phi Meetings were there called to order,
And golden-tongued orators gravely held sway.
Nor can we forget that bright day in December,
When to our great joy our good Bishop appeared;
The feast of Saint Agnes we likewise remember;
Those scenes, the old Hall to our hearts thus endeared.
Chorus.



"Good-bye Nazareth"

(Air, "Good-night, Ladies") Good-bye Naz'reth, old gray Naz'reth, well-loved Naz'reth, We're going to leave you now.

Chorus.

Sadly then, we sing our song, sing our song, sing our song, Sadly then we sing our song, at the close of school.

II.

Good-bye teachers, much-tried teachers, royal teachers, We're going to leave you now.

Chorus.

Good-bye classmates, hard-worked classmates, peerless classmates, When shall we meet again?

Chorus.

IV.

Good-bye Assembly, well-packed Assembly, thrilling Assembly, We'll ne'er be late again.

Chorus.

V.

Good-bye school books, dog-eared schoolbooks, well-loved school books, We ne'er shall meet again.

Chorus.

VI.

Good-bye ribbons, honor ribbons, well-worn ribbons, We ne'er shall wear again. Chorus.

Irene Brown.

Seventy-nine

Beereses 1916 Lacosopa 1





Parting

As one in tears looks full upon

The face of a parting friend,
By the light of a new to-morrow,
I saw my last year end.

Within those mem'ried walls were spent
The springtime of my years,
When the morn glowed white and full of hope,
Nor dream was of life's tears.

Those friends I loved, how tenderly!
So stirred my waking soul,
That naught seemed worth the striving,
Save only a starry goal.

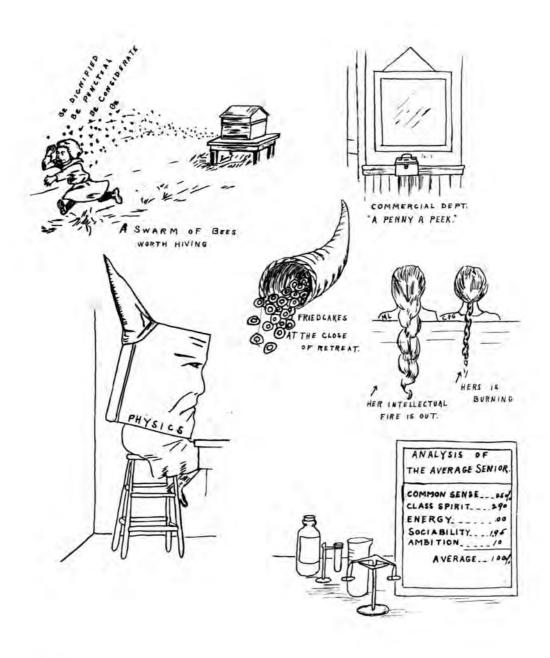
We stood beside fair wisdom's fount, The guarded Pierian spring; Where we drank, as we listed, deeply, And heard choiring spirits sing.

We yet would linger, wrapped in dreams, Enamoured of Truth's fair face, The light of her smile illuming The charm of her perfect grace.

But hark! the clarion call rings clear, Rise, dreamer, and haste away, With a white soul erect and godlike, The call of life obey.

C. J. FitzGibbon.

Beereses 1916 Jesosson





The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1916

S our happy years of illustrious life at Nazareth are drawing to a close, feeling that we shall soon be among the brilliant and refreshing memories of the past, and desiring that a Class whose collective and individual merits have shone with such radiance, might not soon be forgotten, we hereby devise a Last Will and Testament, whereby the beloved recipients of our worldly goods and effects may have more certain, because more personal, reasons for remembering and honoring the memory of the illustrious departed.

Accordingly, we the Class of 1916 bequeath our earthly possessions in word and manner as follows, hereby intending to revoke and make null and void any former will bearing our signature.

- 1. To our Right Reverend Bishop we bequeath a Leatare Medal for his prudence and foresight in assuming at baptism, a name which presents to the students of Nazareth a highly opportune celebration of his patronal day, inasmuch as it secures to us two days reprieve from the tedium of Academic labors, earlier than would otherwise be our lot, which indeed, is no slight reason for our personal gratitude. We also order that his name be inscribed on a brass Tablet of honor, which shall be erected in a conspicuous place in the New Academy, the said honor being conferred in consideration of his bringing to the Academy from time to time, notable persons who chance to be his guests. In this bequest is likewise concealed the hope that he may be prompted to confer similar favors oftener.
- II. To Reverend Mother Agnes we bequeath the old school that we regretfully leave, with its commodious corridors and class rooms and its spacious grounds in which so many Nazareth girls have spent happy days. We entrust to her the full responsibility of its care and the disposal of the same. To said Mother Agnes we also bequeath our tender gratitude for her personal kindness to the Class of 1916, especially for the encouragement of her presence at their Class Activities, through which they have from time to time, endeavored to establish their immortality.
- III. To Reverend Father Simpson our instructor in religion we bequeath our thanks for having been so faithful and punctual in his lectures. Because of his proctivities in the line of references, we hereby recommend that the said Reverend Father be constituted the Head of "The Department of Research" in the Academy, in order that when topics for research, each requiring two hours of investigation, are assigned in more than four recitations, of any particular day, the bewildered student may be lawfully released from the labor which may be handed over to the Head of the proper Department.
- IV. To Sister Marcella, our beloved directress, we bequeath a fund for the purchase of a Victrola, of the latest and most approved design, and recommend that it be used especially during the 8:30 to 8:45 study period, that its musical strains may have the effect of putting the pupils in "harmony" with the probable events of the day. And to said Sister Marcella we bequeath a new silver loving cup to perpetuate the memory of the one that now hangs by the faucet on the second floor, ready to descend into "rusty oblivion."



- V. To our teachers we give the continued pleasure of telling future classes of the wonderful work done by the girls of years ago. We also leave to them a fresh supply of patience for the Class of 1916 must have exhausted the original supply. And lastly we leave in trust a sum accruing from sale of surviving remnants of paints, for the purchase of Edison's prospective device for eliminating the need of study. It will be the greatest boon for teachers and pupils the world has ever known. No more worry for teachers! No more grinding for pupils!
- VI. To the school in general we bequeath a large supply of pads, pens, and pencils, with a request that they be used economically and be divided equally among all the girls, so that the unequal conditions heretofore existing in regard to writing material, will be removed.
- VII. To the library we give & fresh boquet of imperishable tea roses to take the place of the nameless Yellow flowers that have graced the room since the present class entered Nazareth and we know not for how long before.
- VIII. To the Juniors, our worthy successors, we bequeath the countless marginal notes in our Virgils, but we ask that great caution be observed lest too great reliance be placed on these notes. To said Juniors we also give a small dictionary containing the correct prononciation of most of the proper names in the English and Latin tongues, with the admonition that its pages be conned with care, so that the aforesaid Juniors may find a "primrose path" where ours was filled with thorns.
- IX. To the drawing classes we leave a new device for showing unlucky girls not artistically inclined, where one line disappears into the other.
- X. To the Sophomores we leave an eitre hall in the new school for promenading and conversing, for we know their weakness for corridor promonades.
- XI. To the Freshies we leave some printed pamphlets compiled by the Seniors, containing the best methods and means of going through the next three years. There are beautiful inllustrations of successful ways of escaping rhetoricals, spending study periods, skinning through classes, etc.
- XII. To all classes who in the future aspire to play Shakespeare at Nazareth Academy we bequeath new scenery, containing real exits, which will take the place of present methods, in order that when an armed warrior leaves the stage, his helmet and shield may not still have to remain in painful evidence.

Having thus disposed of our various possessions and properties by the many bequests as above set forth, for the carrying out of our wishes and intentions we do hereby appoint Reverend Mother Agnes to be the sole executrix of this our Last Will and Testament, and give unto her entire power and authority to put into execution all the terms and conditions above set forth. Unto this document, we do hereby on this twelfth day of June, affix the name and seal of

The Class of 1916.



A Mon Ecole

I sat me down one day in idle mood,
And fell a dreaming, as so many will
And midst the glowing weft of airy thought,
A fancy grew, a fancy sweet and still.

For now my thoughts, like blue-birds flitting free, Alighted in a garden all abloom, Where nodding lily-bells and crocus smiled A witching welcome from the hedges' gloom.

This lovely garden of my waking dream,
That fairy spot with angels hovering o'er,
Whose flaming swords as safe defenders gleamed,
Was Nazareth of the golden days of yore.

Here walked the dear ones whom we long had known, Kind guardian-spirits of our care free youth, Who pointed us the constant, starward way And held aloft the flaming torch of Truth.

Oh! Alma Mater, home of love,
That sheltered us in days gone by,
How often shall we think of thee
How often for thy solace sigh.

And for those yesteryears so fair,
With skies from clouds so free,
That seem as lovely, faded flowers,
All, save their fragrance gone, with thee.

So fare thee well, beloved home;
Time passes on, we cannot stay,
Yet still thy children's hearts shall rest
With thee forever and a day.
Oh! Yes in truth and love and prayer,
None will there be with hearts more true,
To shield thy ever sacred trust,
Than we, who bid thee now, adieu.
Miriam Hebard.

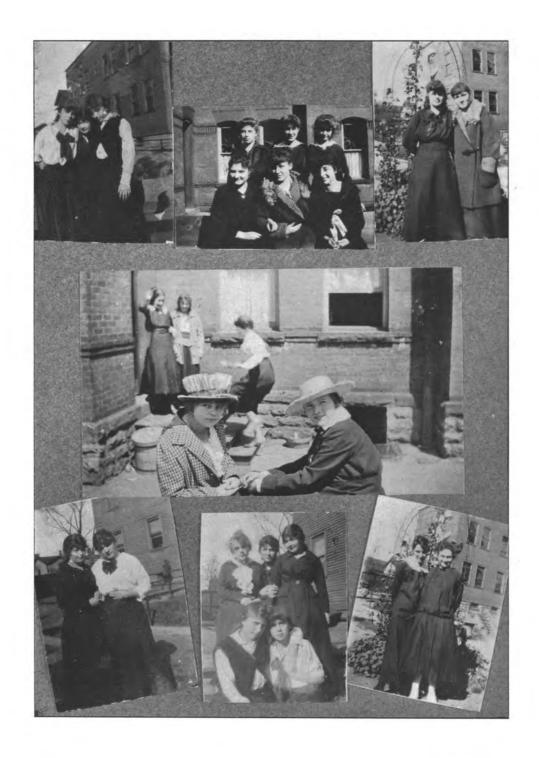


Song of the School Bells

(With apologies to Tennyson.)
The splendor falls on Nazareth walls
And sunny class rooms old in story;
Yes, honor whirls on the Senior girls
And their happy hearts now thrill with glory.
Ring, school bells ring, set the old echoes flying,
Ring, school bells, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

'Tis lovely June, the roses bloom,
Commencement time is quickly nearing;
The whole class, soon, will be in tune
To warble to the rose they're wearing.
Ring, joy bells, ring, set the old echoes flying;
Ring, joy bells, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Too soon they pass, and bring alas!
Long days o'er-filled with life's sore grieving;
With thoughts that burn, we'll gladly turn
To the sunny days that now we're leaving.
Ring, sweet bell, ring, set the old echoes flying;
Ring, sweet bells, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.
Dorothy Dashley.



Eighty-six



The Last Will and Testament of the Commercial Seniors

HE effects accruing from the Commercial Department being of no small amount and importance as part of the disposable property of the aforesaid Class of 1916, such effects and properties are hereby added in legal form, together with the disposal of such effects and properties according to the wishes of the said Testator, as follows:

FIRST. To the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, our strong and warm friend, we confer the honor of bestowing the "War Holiday" to the succeeding Class, unless it be disposed of before our decease.

SECOND. To Rev. Edward Simpson, our faithful instructor, we give a season ticket to attend the "First Friday Rhetoricals" for the coming year.

THIRD. On account of the satisfaction afforded by the little mirror in the Commercial Hall, to those fortunate enough to get near it, we hereby order and direct that one dozen, four-foot, flawless mirrors be provided for the dressing rooms in the new school. Said mirrors will be purchased from the accumulations of the "tin box fund." We likewise order that a tin box, similar to the one with which we are so well acquainted, will be suspended under each mirror for the purpose hereinbefore mentioned.

FOURTH. To our Successors we confer the privilege of using the piano, which is now located in Sr. David's, adjoining the Commercial Study Hall.

FIFTH. We give the coming Seniors the privilege of dancing at noon time, provided this meets the approval of the teacher presiding.

SIXTH. To the school in general, we bequeath the care of the broken chairs to be reserved as votive offerings of the Class of 1916.

SEVENTH. Fearing lest the Gong near the Assembly Hall be carried to the new school, we bequeath to Sr. M. Marcella, our most loved principal, a handsome rose-wood case, in which the said Gong shall be eremetically sealed, so that it may never be rung again. Said Gong safely imprisoned within its herein-before-mentioned rose-wood case, will be carefully preserved as a most dear relic of Auld Lang Syne, and as a gentle reminder of by-gone woes.

EIGHTH. To the Typewriting Room, we bequeath a number of new blackboards to be used for recording the names of pupils, who are slow in handing in their Monday and Wednesday reproductions.

NINTH. To dear Old Nazareth we give tenderest affections and the promise of loving memories, and to New Nazareth, our good will and our good wishes. We trust she will attain the highest success in her new career.

TENTH. To our Teachers we bequeath our love and gratitude for the interest which they have shown in all of our undertakings.

Having hereby disposed of our entire belongings, we, the Testator, hereunto set our hand and seal, this twelfth day of June, in this year of our Lord, "Annus Mirabilis."

L. M.

Beersess 1916 Lacososos





It Pays to Advertise HELP WANTED

Wanted—Young girls with knowledge of all ancient poets and writers to assist English Literature classes.

Wanted—At good salaries, young ladies who can invent plausible excuses for non-preparedness in such classes as English, German, Virgil, Chemistry and Church History. Also, young ladies to prepare excuses for the following: "absence from Rhetoricals;" "neglect to 'write up' Instructions;" "failure to return reports;" and "tardiness at classes."

Wanted—The medical aid that Macbeth was after, to prevent "floor-walking" during study hour; something that will

"Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

With some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart."

Wanted—Several obliging young people to carry lunch papers to vestibule on back porch; see that cans are kept in good condition and covers carefully handled. Apply Study Hall, Aisle 1-2-3 and 4 from 12:10 to 12:45.

Wanted—Some generous hearted persons to keep Senior Classes supplied with any or all of the following: pads, pencils, designs, themes, translations.

FOUND

Found—By member of Senior Class, information concerning "How to elude undesirable Subjects." Any Senior may derive benefit of same by calling at Seat 10 Aisle 4.

Found—In her Class by shorthand teacher, several prodigies in embryo. Business men will do well to consult with her.

Found—March 23, one transfer for Dewey car. Owner may have same by identifying property and paying for this ad.

Found—In drawing class, girl of wonderful genius. Amateur artists wishing aid are invited to consult her.

Found—Girl in type-writing class who can change ribbons on Smith typewriter. Any one wishing her aid may call on Polly E.

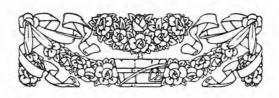
Found—By Senior, one whole tablet, bearing Carol's name. If Carol is rightful owner, the tablet will be cheerfully returned on explanation of extravagance evidenced by the said new tablet.

LOST

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One perfectly good red rubber eraser, artistically enscribed P. E. Reward if returned to owner—B-15.

Lost—One English note-book, containing valuable Essays of great literary merit. Should they be delivered to any publisher, warning is hereby given against publication of said Essays as copyright is applied for. Finder will kindly return to her whose name will be found all over the book.

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Lost—By certain member of Senior Class, the secret of inventing excuses and bluffing her way out of embarrassing positions. Will finder please return to any member of said class, who will see that it reaches the original owner?

Lost—By members of the Senior Class, one holiday given by a wellknown benefactor. Will finder please restore same to the Senior Class through the Faculty?



Favorite Songs at Nazareth

Moment Musical Every Tuesday afternoon—1:25
Lovely Night
Ah, I Have Signed to Rest Me! Seniors Favorite
It Was Not So To Be Promised Holidays
A Dream of Paradise No Night Work
Come Back to Erin Solo by Miss Irma McMahon
I cannot sing the old songs Chorus by members of the Friday Music Class
Simple Confession I haven't my lesson prepared
Longing for Home By Boarders
Consolation After exams comes vacation
Chimes of Normandy The gong system
Work for Exams Are Coming Favorite of the Faculty
Still as the Night Study hour
Cradle Song For the Freshmen
We're Cramming Tonight Students chorus before Exams
Spring Song If June were only here
Evening Song Now for my lessons
A Perfect Day Any holiday



I was told to write a poem,
But I really must decline,
For the art of writing verses,
Is not much in my line.
But I must fill eight lines of space,
O dear! What shall I do?
Well, I guess I've written six by now,
And here are the other two.
Margaret M. Leyden.

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with "every" dry cleaning "sign." Be sure your garments are not sent promiscuously around the city or out of town through agencies displaying such "signs." Many are misled in this respect, and very frequently garments that should be thoroughly renovated are less than partly cleaned. Therefore, you get a wrong conception of what thorough Dry Cleaning means



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Ain't It a Horrid World?

OOD resolutions don't pay! I got to school early one day last week and sat down in the south west corner of the Assembly to study a particular lesson, which I had been slighting for some days without serious results. I had scarcely composed myself to work, when along came one of the gentle teachers in great perplexity and asked me if I would be so good as to go down to the drug store for her,—if I had all my lessons. Of course I said I'd be delighted to go. (What could I say?) I didn't have particularly good luck in being waited on, as you might guess, and on my return, as I rushed up the stairs, they were just passing to classes. This brought me into the class-room about the last one, which attracted the teacher's attention to me, and I was immediately called upon! Not wanting to embarrass me on my first failure, the good teacher asked a telling question on yesterday's lesson, upon which the previous question was based. That failing, she went back a day farther—Confusion worse confounded!!! I was invited to a private audience!!!! I say, what's the use of good resolutions?

Talk about luck!—The other day in English class I didn't have my theme, so when I was called upon I got bravely up and read a theme off a blank paper. Did you ever try it? If you did I hope you didn't have the luck I did. The teacher asked me to reread the second paragraph! Utterly impossible!! . . . My treachery was discovered and, . . . O my! O my!!!

He knew a few things, that Shapespeare or whoever it was said that troubles come in troops and battalions. Polly, you all know her. she borrowed my "Brief on Burke," and upset a bottle of ink all over it. If you have ever made one of these Briefs you can well guess what I would have liked to say to Polly. And that wasn't the worst, more was coming. After school I walked up town with Mildred and got all the news; and in the course of human events I suggested that we go to Jackson Brown's, thinking of course that it would be a "DUTCH" treat. After we got into the place she bravely announced, "It's your treat, I haven't any money." I had just one lonely quarter to my name, so I bought the checks just as if I had lots of money, and with sinking heart handed out my last coin. The ice cream might have been good, but all I could think of was, SUPPOSE MY TRANSFER SHOULD BE LATE AND THE CONDUCTOR DEMAND ANOTHER NICKLE? . . . And that is just what did happen, and I had to ask a friend who happened to be on the car, to pay my fare. I wasn't getting any better natured as the events progressed, I can assure you.

When at last I did reach my destination, . . . I found I didn't have my key and that no one was there to let me in, . . . so I made a dignified entrance through the pantry window. My luck might have improved here but . . . NO . . . I put my books on the window ledge and didn't Virgil get excited and fall off, landing square in the middle of a LEMON PIE! Wasn't that awful? Just the way things always happen. Did you ever knock an empty ink bottle off the desk? Well! . . . If you did you are one of the SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD . . . and I'd like to meet you and see if I couldn't manage to contract some of your GOOD LUCK. Culled from the "Polly Doleful Stories."

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Miles of Smiles in the Class Room

Mary had a little book, With cover red as fire; And every where that Mary went The book was always nigh'er.

She took this book to English Class, Where she oft-times excelled, Alas! Alas! from that dear room Full soon was she expelled. F. S.

One day in drawing class we were told to pin our drawings upon the wall for criticism. They represented parts of the study hall. One girl showed the draperies in the front of this room in light and shade. When we turned our attention upon this drawing, Helen Desmond exclaimed, "Why look! she even drew the dust on the draperies."

Catherine deeply interested in reading Macbeth—"Dorothy, I just wonder how far it is to Forres?" Dorothy: "Believe me, Bob and I know how far it is to Foery's."

The pupils of the French class were translating sentences from English to French.

Teacher to dreamy Mary: "Mary, count to three."

Mary (promptly): "One, two, three."

Coming to school on the "Dewey," a group were discussing "Virgil" when suddenly Elizabeth asked, "Who wrote Virgil, anyway?"

In a certain History test the question was asked, "Name five Universities established in the thirteenth century.

Frances, knowing how our instructor abhors vacuums and blanks, wrote,—Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge and Yale.

A FRIVOLOUS VIEW

"Be good," says the proverb,
"And happy you'll be;"
But the stolen fun and frolic
Satisfies me.

S. R.

We are a mighty gentle class even if we have lions, (Lyons) and a Wolffe in our midst.

Teacher of Ancient History enlarging upon the beauties of the famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon—"The only thing which might compare with the Hanging Gardens is the Alhambra, that great monument to the genius of the Moors."

Pauline—El, where is the Alhambra? Eleanor (dreamily)—On State Street, I guess.

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my voice?

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H. F. S. (excitedly)—"Have you heard the gossip today?" M. U. G. (expectantly)—"No." H. F. S.—"Well! then there couldn't have been any."

Teacher (suspiciously)—"Have you had your book open?" Grace (indignantly)—"No, I haven't." Teacher-"Well! I thought not.

Teacher—"Have you any questions on today's lesson?" Frances Murphy (under her breath)—"Yes, where is it?"

Girl Passenger-"Can I go to Nazareth without change on this car?" Conductor-"No, Miss, you need a nickel."

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the Beta Phi, this afternoon," said Mary to her mother, in the evening.

With a look of astonishment, her mother replied: "I can't believe it. Who outspoke you?"

Teacher—"Dorothy, is Pauline's recitation correct?"

Dorothy (looking out the window)—"No."

Teacher—"What did she say?"
Dorothy—"I don't know."
Teacher—"How do you know she is wrong if you don't know what she said?"

Dorothy-"I know Polly."

Teacher (in Physiology Class)—"Which teeth do we get last?" Helen C .- "The False ones."

English Teacher-We will take the life of Milton tomorrow. Come prepared.

Students are like tacks, can only go as far as their heads will permit them, and then they usually have to be driven.

> English History puzzles me, I never could see why It has so many, many reigns And still remains so dry.

"What are those strange, confusing lines,—secants, tangents, bisectors, cords, all running counter; a problem in Geometry?"

'Ah, no, my friend, they simply show Burke's 'lines of thought' from Marg's point of view."

> Ruthie came to school one day With out her English lesson, Just because she so much wished To get her teacher's blessin'.

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Two friends were turning over pictures illustrative of the great war, and being American History pupils were therefore interested. One girl turned to the other and said:

"Say, Louise, do you remember the size of the guns that merchant

ships are allowed to carry for self-defense?"

Louise—"Why, yes, six inches is the limit."
Her Friend—"Oh, yes, I remember now. There is the picture of one now."

Louise—"Why,—why—" Her Friend—"What is the matter?"

Louise—"Why that is longer than six inches."

SPREADS

When we hear the tin box falling, And the olive juice goes splash! When the order-bell is calling, And the china plate goes smash,-We know there's been a spread.

At the end when all is over And the remnants only, left, When the paper bags are roaming, Of their contents sweet bereft, We know there's been a spread.



Misdemeanors We Have Seen

CRIME			PLACE
Killing Time			
Smothering a Laugh			
Cutting Rhetoricals			First Friday Afternoon
Setting Fire to Hearts			
Hanging Coats (up)		2 2 2	On the Rack
Taking the Lives of Great Me	n		English Class

Air of "You Never Can Tell.

Oh, you never can tell, Oh, you never can say

If your paper will stay,
If it's ninety, it may.
You may think you've passed the test,
And stop a while to rest;
But you cannot tell how, you cannot tell when,
It may be back now, or it may come back then,
But when your paper sixty are some back then, But when your paper goes sixty or so, You never can tell, you know.



A senior maid (may her fame increase), Awoke one night from a dream of peace, And saw, inscribing in a book of gold,—
A ghost! The Senior girl grew strangely cold
With fear, but stoutly asked, "What writest thou?" Loud throbbed her heart and whiter waxed her brow. The spirit answered her in accents sad, "The holiday that Nazareth should have had."

Are You Graduating from Nazareth This Year?

IF so, what are your plans for the future? Have you considered the matter of securing a good business education? If so, we should be glad to have you call on us at the ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE, 172 CLINTON AVENUE SOUTH, for full information with respect to our courses of study.

IF YOU CANNOT CALL SEND FOR CATALOGUE

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A Daily Schedule for the Future Nazareth Girl

In this day of efficiency everyone should have a schedule planned which will enable him to use every minute of his time advantageously. After careful consideration, the Seniors, in their solicitude for the comfort and happiness of future classes, have arranged the following program, which they heartly recommend:

Rise at 7:37½ A. M. An early rising hour may be safer, but if the schedule is faithfully carried out in its entirety, this will prove satisfactory. Allow 8½ minutes for dressing, and 5 for arranging the hair. Less time has been taken, but the result didn't justify a change in this item. The end of the next ½ minute should find you safely at breakfast. 7⅓ minutes are allowed for eating. An efficient person never lingers overtime at table because of some favorite dish. If you adopt this schedule you must school yourself to avoid all temptations and rise promptly when the time is up. Then 3½ minutes may be spent donning coat and hat, and gathering books and lunch. Remember it shows a disgraceful lack of system to be calling, "Mother, did you see my Virgil this morning?" "Oh, where did I leave my fountain pen?" "Bob, you were reading my 'Macbeth'—what'd you do with it?" "Now the baby's run off with my 'poster'! what shall I do? I'm awfully late!" All this confusion must be eliminated. The books must be in a neat pile on the library table. We suggest that the best way to insure this order would be to lay them there in the afternoon, and not unstrap them during the evening.

Then $2\frac{1}{3}$ minutes for reaching the car. Each girl should arrange with the R. Ry & L. to have a car at the corner at precisely 8.05 A. M. It is well to read Burke in the Dewey car, for the exertion caused by the attempt to hold the book in the hand, and the rest in the arm, while clinging to the strap with the other will shake up the mind and prepare it for its day's work. Thus even the time taken for the perilous journey on the Dewey is utilized.

Arrived at school,—we cannot say at what time, for the car service is a law unto itself—spend no time before the mirror in the hall. Leave that to your inefficient sisters. Hasten upward, and take advantage of the 8:40 study period, which is always a joy to the Senior's heart. No set rule has been prepared for the period from 8:45 till 2:15—the Faculty has fully taken care of that part of the schedule. But from their years of experience the Seniors give these hints to the would-be efficient girl.

Between classes pause to read carefully the assigned lesson for the next class. What difference will it make if you "block the traffic?" You are systematizing your study. Moreover, it will save time in class if you do not "fermez le livre," because a well-directed glance at the psychological moment will prevent the adoption of the "third degree" method of inquisition, which is very lengthy and often very embarrassing. Strict attention should be paid to the bell at the end of the periods, a matter in which Nazareth girls are very lax at present. Take advantage of the 11:40 study period to meet your friends in the halls. A nice chat is so refreshing, and an efficiency expert always guards against exhaustion.

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From 2:15 to 6:00 P. M. is "rest time," and for this period of relaxation, one should follow her own inclination rather than a hard and fast rule. The Regent is a splendid place to soothe frayed nerves. Girls worn out with study have found that a visit to Jaskson-Brown's is most beneficial.

It is not well to continue the day's occupation in the evening, and so little or no study is advocated. Furthermore, that pile must remain undisturbed, or the morrow's schedule will be all mixed up! To protect one's self against the temptation to open that alluring Physics, or to peep at the Outlines of Ancient History, it is advisable to invite a friend or two in for the evening, or to return their visit. Otherwise, so strong is duty's call that—well, you might study.

That's our program. In order to prove the good faith of '16 we ask any underclassman who desires, to test this schedule; but whoever is not quite clear concerning the details is advised to write to a member of the class for additional information. We feel that those most qualified to advise concerning the morning arrangement are: Pauline Early, Lilian Haefele, Rhea Mayer, Adele Miller and Margaret White. Regarding the afternoon plan, any Senior is very able and will be glad to render assistance, but Catherine Fitzgibbon and Anne Dodge are patricularly recommended.

Here's wishing luck to the brave girls who adopt the "Efficiency program" suggested by the Class of '16.

I. L. M.



Senior Class

S is for Senior with fair, winning face;

E is for English where she's duly in place.

N is for Nazareth, the home of her heart;

I is for Idleness, which in her has no part.

O is for Odes, which she cannot compose;

R is for Regents, the cause of her woes.

C is for Crashes in those narrow halls;

L is for Lassies, who love the old walls.

A is for Art Class, which causes her worry;

S is for Speed as there she doth hurry;

S is for Sighs as Nazareth she leaves;

For the parting, full sorely her tender heart grieves. The whole spells a group of a species that's rare, If you're tempted to point out exceptions, Beware!

—Marie Doud.

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The Bloomers—Blue serge, sizesup to 18, \$2.95.
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A Rescue

'Twas a beautiful evening in June-time, And Night in her silvery robes, Was spreading a blanket of darkness O'er the earth, for tired mortals' repose.

But the stars, refused to permit her
To cover them up out of sight,
For they stoutly declared that God meant them
To show to the world Heaven's light.

So it fell, when the songbirds were silent, And the treetops were almost at rest, These children of Heaven stole softly, Out from the realms of the blest.

You see, they were anxious to send us A message of hope from above, To remind all the sad and the weary That cares are the proof of God's love.

Then out from her low casement window,
A maiden glanced thoughtfully forth.

Deep in her brown eyes was lurking
A wistfulness drowning all mirth.

A rose nodded playfully o'er her From the trellis nearby; but no smile Lay on her lips as she stroked it, Her thoughts on the morrow the while.

Suddenly out of the darkness
A figure appeared, strangely stoled.
His burning eyes rivited on her,—
The maiden in fright, turned quite cold.

"Why are you sitting here idly,"
He muttered, reproachful and slow,
"When to-morrow's dawn brings the dread Regents
And 'tis little, indeed, that you know?"

"O goblin, or sprite, or whatever You care to be called:" she replied, "You frighten me out of my wits when You speak of exams. to be tried.

"Alas! 'Tis quite true there are acres
Of vacant brain-space, but you see,
If I knew all my teachers have taught us,
What a frightful old tome I would be.

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"To save myself endless confusion, Last fall I resolved it were good, To take rest cure for ailments scholastic And absorb in the class what I could.

"But O! how I dearly repent me, Now that the day draweth near! Of allusions I know not a handful, And of Burke I'm in absolute fear!"

The goblin looked sternly upon her;
No sympathy for her he felt.
She wept, but in vain she lamented;
Her grief his cold heart could not melt.

"All the rest of the girls are preparing
To graduate next Monday night,
But I cannot be sure till they tell me
How much of my paper was right."

"So you are a Senior at Nazareth,"

The goblin broke out with a grin.

I see now the cause of your trouble,

But perhaps even yet you may win.

"You made a mistake, and you see it,
Waste no time over milk that is spilled,
But hasten to woo your grim textbook,
E'en the last hour with grace may be filled."

Down she sat at the book-laden table, This maiden so fair and so sweet, While the goblin looked over her shoulder, As on sped the moments too fleet.

At last came the pale tints of morning; The maiden looked up with a smile; The goblin had really vanished After stirring her brains up, the while.

Fatigued she was surely, but happy,
For hope was awake in her breast;
The goblin had helped her immensely,
And to-day she would fain do her best.

Each question she grappled quite breathless,
While loud beat her heart at full speed;
With each one she wrestled intently,
And at last—she did bravely succeed.

And now at the end of my story,
Future Seniors, a word of advice;
Don't depend on a last minute rescue,
For, believe me, he may not come twice.
Irma McMahon.

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- "It's astonishing how much you girls escape learning."
- "Someone must have something very important to say."
- "Now, in the good old days, we-"
- "Good-night girls!"
- "Blessed is he who expects nothing-he will not be disappointed."
- "I'll tell you what I'll do."
- "Isn't that beautiful?"
- "Even our bitterest enemies are forced to admit-"
- "Now, I want every eye right here."
- "Take paper and pencil and answer the following questions."
- "Wie viele Fraulein haben ihre Hefte hier?"
- "Bleiben Sie ganz ruhig, Fraulein."
- "Any girl whose work is not here?"
- "There is altogether too much talking in this room."
- "The girl who stated on her paper that John Quincy Adams was a Republican will please report before going home."
 - "I want to see every eye of every girl."
 - "For your assignment tomorrow take the next 30 lines."
 - "Well, let's see-"
 - "Fraulein, geben Sie Erlkonig auswendig."
 - "-has this to say on this subject."
 - "Who is the first volunteer?"
 - "That's baby work."
 - "Who has the Source Book?"
 - "Now there will be a period of silent study."
 - "Of course you can afford to throw away a few credits!"
 - "Now, last year's class,-"
- "Report at the desk if you know your lesson, that means if you're ready to recite."

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Elida Butler	Chatter	Curious	Gossip	Reporter
Lois Brayer	Artistic	Cautious	Drawing	Cartoonist
Helen Ball	Eloquence	Vivacious	Talking	Settlement worker
Genevieve Bolton	Briskness	Cordial	Music	Concert Singer
Irene Brown		Modest	Pasting	Successor to Jackson-Brown's
Martha Bocksberger	Wide Awake	Uncertain	Dances	Captain of a yacht
Margaret Creegan	Smile	Sunny	Stolen lunches	Excavating Egyptian mummie
Mary Connors	Serene	Taking	Georgetown	Society matron
Roberta Courtney	Sweetness	Courteous	Skating	Mrs. —
Margaret Dempsey	A word for all	Cheery	Popular Songs	Composer of latest song hit
Dorothy Dashley	Joking	Easy-going	Her Own Way	Just as I expected
Anna Dodge	Felicity	Angelic	Walking	It's just possible
Mildred Daus	Calmness	Gentle	Vacations	Artist
Helen Desmond	French	Loyal	Debates	Director of an airship
Marie Doud	Length	Practical	Moving Pictures	Potato Chip Manufacturer
Grace Dugan	Lovable	O. K.	Elmira	Lady of Leisure
Pauline Early	Punctuality	Happy-go-lucky	Good time	Moving Picture Censor
Catherine Fitzgibbon	Sweater	Poetic	Rose Gardens	Most anything
Helen Foley	Dignity	Agreeable	Five Hundred	Teacher of Domestic Science
Elizabeth Foery	Optimism	Friendly	Showers	Wireless Operator
Ruth Guinan	Generosity	Guileless	Bluebirds	Revising "Sidelights on Amer
Margaret Grady	Chatty	Jolly	A joke on the other girl	Teacher of Virgil
Miriam Hebard	Simplicity	Romantic	Chapel	Partner in the "Vick" nurserie
Lilian Haefele	Daintiness	Refined	Etiquette	Instructor in Court Etiquette
May Kenealy	Energy	Carefree	German	Political Boss of the Second W
Selinda O'Keefe	Perseverance	Affectionate	"The latest"	Undertaker
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Elizabeth Lynch	Cheerfulness	Agreeable	Promptness	Teaching high-school students to make Chemistry in one-half year
Mary Maloy	Versatility	Captivating	Good Company	Artist, after the mode of Harrison Fisher
Concetta Marchese	Wisdom	Sensitive	Chemistry	in Old
Rhea Mayer	Rapidity	Active	To supervise	Councilor in Juvenile Court
Eleanor McCarthy	Silence (?)	Glad to lend a hand	"Burke"	War Correspondent
Francis McGinnis	Sincerity	Cheery	St. Patrick	The Kaiser's Private Secretary
Irma McMahon	Frankness	Democratic	The Class of '16	Professional Playwright
Agnes Metzger	Eyes	Placid	English Class	Budding Playwright
Dorothy Meyers	Hair	Beaming	Especially some folks	Landscape Gardener
Adele Miller	Keenness	Kindly	We'll give up	Brain Specialist
Genevieve Miller	Adaptability	Polite	Boarding	Dormitory Proctor of New Nazareth
Mary Mulryan	True Blue	Retiring	Good behaviour	"Walking the studious cloister"
Frances Murphy	Chatter	Frolicsome	Study Periods	Shakespearean Reader
Marie Murphy	Studiousness	Warm	Negative Side	Teaching Little Mexicans to respect "Uncle Sam"
Celia Murphy	Cleverness	Genial	Experiments	Inventor
Harriet Oster	Voice	Obliging	Returning books	Gymnasium Instructor
Henrietta Sahner	Grave	Harmless	Nightwork	Committee disagree
Aurelia Savard	Syrightliness	Candid	Everybody	Surgeon
Mary Sweeney	Never worries	Variable	One guess	President of the Anti-Slang Society
Harriet Smith	A good chum	Merry	A good laugh	Housekeeper
Ola Shonhart	Animation	Spirited	High time	Professor of Modern Languages
Mae Timmons	Brevity	Good	High Per Cents	Collector of rare china
Margaret White	School-spirit	Nice	٠	That depends
Carolyn Withey	Laugh	Vivacious	American History	Teaching Caesar
Lauretta Yauchzi	Red tie	Immovable	Boarders	Writing books "that will live"
Florence Yeoman	Conscientions	Even	Good manners	You never can tell

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Lost-A Temper

Someone lost her temper quite, Who, I dare not say; Lost it on her way to school; All went wrong that day.

Strang as it may seem to you, No one saw it go; But it vanished like a flash,— That is all I know.

Balancing would not come right,
Every one was cross,
All because that temper went.
Wasn't it a loss?

Irma M. Klee.



History is just a hobby,
Writing themes is merely fun;
French and German, Greek and Latin,
All of them are quickly done.

But there never was a student Who could say with out a blush, That she liked to study—Physics— Goodness gracious, poet, hush!

Thirty days hath September,
As we surely shall remember;
Days of clouds to days of sun,
Ratio seventeen to one:
Mary E. Sweeney.



Polly never bought a pad, She borrowed all the time, 'Till finally the girls got mad And firmly drew the line.

No longer would they give to her
The article she sought,
Insisting that she would prefer
The pad she never bought.
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Farewell, Dear School

Dear Nazareth, farewell to thee forever;
Thy familiar rooms are fading from my view,
Through thy old halls I never more shall wander,
Or gaze upon thy scenes which once I knew.

Dear Nazareth, with all thy fond endearments, I leave thee, to return, ah, never more! But often will my fancy wander backward, And linger o'er the happy scenes of yore.

Adieu, my friends, your kind, familiar faces, Will ne'er from memory's tablet fade away; But gleam, like stars, to lighten up the darkness That gathers round me everywhere I stray.

Farewell, my home! I never more shall enter,
Nor sit within thy cheerful rooms again,
I sigh that I am going now forever;
For in thy shadow would I long remain.
Evelyn Kraft.

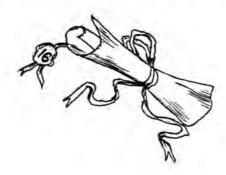


TABLE OF CONTENTS

Frontispiece—Religion	4	-	5		100	*	-	-	-	4	0	2
Dedication	(4)	4	-	-	4	-	4	-	+	-	9	3
Class Carton	-	-	-	-	*	-	-	-		-		4
Foreword	ů,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	de		-	5
Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hic	kev.	D.	D.	2	3	-	2	-	-	20	5	6
Our Bishop	-	3		2	12 -	-	-	12.		-	4	7
Rev. Edward B. Simpson	Ph	B			2				-		3.	8
Nazareth Pennant -		_								8	6	9
The Yellow and Blue -	6	3	25	2	2	5				8:1	2	9
	-		-	6	2	2	.0		2	27		10-21
Nazareth Most Fair -	3.4	9		164	1	6	3	-		3	Ē.	21
Commercial Graduates				- 6		-		7			7	22-36
				-	ij.					•	O.	
Music Graduate	(2)	-	-	-	-	-	-		-	5		37
Graduation	7	7	-	7	~	7	7	-	-5	7	-	37
Memorial Page		ð,	-	•		40	-			-	-	38
Our Alumnae	121	÷	-	+	+		-	-	-	-	-	39
Commencement Speaker	S	-	-	1	~	-	-		-	-	-	40
Class Officers	Kê K	-	-		3	-	-	10		-	-	40
Alma Mater	+	3	-	-	-	-	-	# <u>+</u> #	4	4	-	41
Class Poem	4	-	-	3	-	-	-	-	-	9	-	41
Editorial Staff	-	-	0-		-		6		-	9.	-	42
Senior Annual Board		2	-	-	-	2		140	-	2.	-	43
Editorial Troubles -	2	2	-	-	0	2	4	-	4	200	-	43
Class Day Program -		4	_	-	-	-			-	2.	-	44
The Senior				4	1	12				2		45
Record of Our Academi		0	-							46.	18	-49-50
Snap Shots	C LIII	C			32	133	280	3		40	40	47
	-	5	-	(ā)					150	-		49
Archbishop Hanna -						-	-	-				50
	170	7		7			-	17	-	3	-	
Class Cartoons		-	-	~	-	-	-	-	7	-	7	51
Commercial Class Histor		0	-	-	-	3	-		-	-	-	52
We Ne'er Can Forget Th	1ee	19	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	7	~	52
The Junior Cartoon -	•	-	-	+	•	-	7		-	•	-	53
Junior Academic Class	Pictu	re	-	4	-	-	-	-	-	-	÷	54
Junior Class	-	\pm	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	55
Driving Pegasus		3	-	. 00	-	-	+		3	-	-	55
The Yellow and Blue -	4	4	-	4	40	-	2	-	9.	-	-	56
Nazareth	-	9	-	9.1	-	16	-	-	-	-	-	56
The Sophomore Cartoon	-	4	-		-	-		-	-	-	-	57
Sophomore Class Picture		4	ă.	-	12	á.	×ė.	-	-	-	-	58
Sophomore Notes -	-	2	-	4		2	2	-	2	-	-	59
Blue and Gold	1	Ü	61.		0	12	140	-			-	59
Snap Shots									11		1	60
The Freshman Cartoon				1			-0-		100		-	61
	0.00		-		-	-		-	-	3	2	62
First Year Academic Cl	ass	7		1	(3)	1.5		-	7		7	
From the Freshmen -	-	-			-	-		-	-	-	-	63
The Yellow and Blue		-	-	-	-		-	-	(5)	-	-	63
Junior Commercial Class	SS	-	-		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	64

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Our Junior Commen	cials	2	4.7	-	0	2	2	2	12.	20	2	4	65
	-	. 4	-	200		4	52	4	-	2	-	4	65
Yellow and Blue -	12.	Z.	Ξ.				- 2		-2.	12	4	1	65
Cast of "Future Wo						-	30	10		2	- 20		66
	man	OI A	itai	19		-	-	-	7	-	- 5	7	66
Cast of "Macbeth"		-	7	-	- 5	7			-	- 3			
Dramatics	-		-	-	-	-	5	~	2	-	-	~	67
Our Class	-	-	~	-		-	-			1	7	~	67
Beta Phi Club -	-	100	-	-	-	-		-	-	~	7	-	68
Beta Phi Officers	-	7	-	-		-	-	-	-	31	-	-	69
Beta Phi	-	14.	4	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	+	~	69-70
Alma Mater	-	1.64	-	-	*	-			-	-			70
The Sower	1.50	.5				1	354	-	9		0	-	70
Debating Teams -	-	-	-1	~	9.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	71
Rev. William P. Ry	an	-	-	-	4	-	-	(4)	-	-	-	-	72
Our Retreat -	-			-	-	-	4	-		5-3		1	73
Choral Club	-	2	-	-	1.2	-		-	-	-	-	1.5	74
Violin Class	200	-	2	-	-	-	2	-	27	-			74
Tableaux	120	2		-G	27	-2		1		-	-3		75
Class Songs	2	ě.	37	-		12	-	W.			0	-	76-79
				-	-	-		(E)	-	-	-	3	76
Nazareth, My Naza			9.0	-		-	-	-	7	-	•	-	
Nazareth, the Worl			~	-	~	-	-	-	0	7	7	-	76
Backward, Turn Ba			6	-	-	-	2	2		-	-	13	76
Our Graduation Day		-	-	~	-	-		-	-	-	*	-	77
The Dearest Spot	3	-	-	~	-	Ξ.		7	-	-	-	-	77
Senior Year	-	3/	=	100	12	4	-	-	-	13	-	-	77
Our Senior Year	2	2	-	- 2	-	4		11	-	-	Δ	-	78
Class Song	.20	50	-	4	-	-	14	2	-	-	4	12	78
Farewell	-	-	-		-	12	-		-	12	-	-	78
School Days	-	2	_	-		-	-			-		-	79
Good Bye, Nazareth	1		20	100	2	1	100		2	3	-		79
Snap Shots			3			Y.	100			v 31	7		80
		9	31		10	- 2				- 57	-	-	81
Parting	-	4	-	-		17.0		-		- 3		-	
Class Symbols -		3.1	3		1	-		17	-	-			82
Academic Will -	-	3	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	83-84
A Mon Ecole -		-	-	4	-	-	-	-	-	-	*	+	85
Song of the School	Bells	-	~	7	-	-	-	~	-	-	~	-	85
Snap Shots	-	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	-	-	86
Commercial Will -		-	-	-	-	-	1	-		02	2		87
Advertisement Car			-	1	-	-		-	-	-	~	-	88
It Pays to Advertis				-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	89-91
Favorite Songs at 1			-		-	-		-	-	-	~		91
Ain't It a Horrid				~	150	-	100	-	-	*	-	05	93
Miles of Smiles in t				m	0	-		-	-	-	-	95-	97-99
Misdemeanors We				3	-	-	- 5	7	-		-	10	99
Daily Schedule for		reth	GII	ris		-		7.	-		~	10	1-103
Senior Class—Acro	stic	-	-	-	-	-		-	-	-	-	-	103
Class Symbolism	-	7	-	~	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10	107
A Rescue	-	-51	-	- 5		7	-	1.5	-	7	-	10	9-111
Do You Recognize		-	-	-	3	-	(e)	-	-		-	4.4	113
Academic Horoscop	e -	-	-	~	-	-		-	-		-	11	5-117
Lost—A Temper	TT-1-1		5	-	5			-31	-		-	-	119
"History Is Just a			2	7				~	-			7	119
"Polly Never Bough		ad	Ď	-		-		-	-	-	-	-	119
Farewell, Dear Sch	1001		-	-	-		-	-	-	-	-	-	121

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co	108
Boucher, George T	105
Brown, Joseph J	116
Brown Bros. Co., Inc Bryan's Drug Store	105
Buckley Co., William A	$\frac{112}{106}$
Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone Co., Inc.	105
Catholic Journal, The	118
Christy Color—Printing—Engraving, Inc	104
Connor & Son. John	110
Daniel's	118
Davin & Son, Michael	102
Doyle's	114
Duffy-Powers Co.	94
Dudley, Given & Co	116
Edelman, Lewis	96 106
Fitz Patrick, H. J.	112
Fickett, Fred'k W	120
Forman Co., B	114
Fry, E. R	120
Genesee Optical Co	106
Gorsline & Swan Construction Co	102
Hall's Sons, Sidney	108
Home Laundry, The	118
Howe & Bassett Co	98
Howe & Rogers Co	98
Knobles, George	116
Lamb, Charles H	114 114
Lippincott, Chas.	118
Lu Nette Shop	112
Madden, John L	118
Maier's Sons, L. W	110
Mally Co., The	114
Mathews & Boucher	106
Marrion & Co., T. H	110
Maurer-Haap Co., The	118
McCurdy, Robinson Co	104
McFarlin Clothing Co	114
McKee, Dr. James A	110
Meng & Shafer Co., The	116 90
O'Reilly's Sons, Bernard	112
Parisian Cloak House.	110
Perry, Geo. W. & Co	118
Princess Store	120
Rochester News Co., The	116
Rochester Top Lift Co	108
Rochester Business Institute	100
Rooney, E. J.	118
Russell Market, The	120
Salter Bros.	110
Schaeffer & Hartel	108
Schantz Co., Joseph A	104
Scrantom, Wetmore & Co	96 118
Seel's Grocery Co	105
Staub & Wilson	92
The Central Bank	102
Thompson Creamery, The G. E	112
Toplift, C. M	118
Trant's Catholic Supply Store	112
Tucker Electro Plating Works	114
Union Oil Works	110
Upton Cold Storage Co., The E. M	118
Viall & Son, George I	112
Ward's	118
Weis & Fisher Co	100
Whalen & Co., R	110
Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus	
	94
White Wire Works Co., The	94 114 112

Shiter M. Yalkleen mathia Sr. M. Marianena. Sr. M. Rurcharda. Sr. M. Raphaeline Sr. M. Mavilus Sr. M. Manuela Sieles In. Marcella stee M. Prining.

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Madeleine Strewer'18 Iklen Hahin Elizabeth , Schleger 17 Arrabi Rain', Ethel M. Geilly 18. Selw Demuslas 18'
Mangueith Mc Sanatal Isabelle M. Chase 17. Pat Castello Jelma Cambr Man South of the state of the s

